The New REPUBLIC

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The Week

FEW weeks in modern history have contained more bad news than the past seven days. The Japanese army is battering its way ahead in Jehol; no one can any longer doubt that this province, as well as Manchuria, is to be brought into Japanese control. There is even talk in Tokio of the necessity of seizing Tientsin and Peiping, which suggests that the Japanese may be intending to steal a slice of Northern China itself. At Geneva, the expected has happened: Japan has walked out, and seems likely to resign. In central Europe, the war clouds are thickening. The Hirtenberg incident, in which Italy sent large amounts of arms into Austria, partly to arm Austrian Fascists and partly to be reshipped to Hungary, has been hushed up simply because it was too dangerous for further public comment; but both it and the fresh alliance of the Little Entente give added evidence that there is a new balance of power quite as much fraught with the danger of war as was the old one. Meanwhile, in the United States the depression has perceptibly deepened in the past week. Banking troubles have flared up in six more states and hoarding has again begun on a vast scale.

WHAT has happened to the banks in Michigan and Maryland may at any time happen to banks in other parts of the country. But the Couzens bill, which has just passed Congress, makes such events less likely. This act, which is similar to laws already applicable to state banks, makes it possible to keep a bank open even if it is insolvent. Formerly, when a bank lost its surplus and capital, and was not in a position fully to meet the demands of depositors, it had to close. Now, if its losses are not too great, it may still be kept open, by the simple device of freezing a percentage of the deposits, which the bank may use as new capital for a time. Under the law, the bank may be authorized to say to depositors—you must leave in your accounts 10 percent (or some other percentage to be determined by the circumstances) of your deposits. It may then go on doing business as usual. New deposits are not subject to the restriction. Thus the whole purchasing power of which the bank is the custodian is not removed from the picture at once, as in the case of closed banks. And the bank is given an opportunity to straighten out its affairs in the normal course of operation. This type of measure has been successfully applied in other countries and in certain states. It is, of course, a temporary conscription of capital. And a panic of sufficient intensity would render it ineffective. But it is a common-sense way of meeting an emergency.

IF ANYBODY wanted to attack the Couzens act on the ground that it is unconstitutional, he could make an overwhelmingly convincing case. If it is not taking property without "due process of law," it certainly is a violation of the "rights of contract." Why should it be constitutional arbitrarily to take the use of depositors' money away from them, while it is unconstitutional to set a rate for electricity which yields the utility company a profit slightly smaller than would be a "fair return" on the "value of the property"—both phrases being subject to definition on the basis most favorable to the property owners? It is

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amusing to see bankers approving the Couzens act while objecting to any reduction of principal or interest on fixed debts owed by persons or companies which may possibly be able to pay, on the ground that any such reduction is a violation of sacred contractual obligations. It makes a difference who gets the benefit of the violation of contract. Of course nobody with common sense would try to upset the Couzens act: it is too useful to all concerned. But would not common sense dictate some modification of other contractual debts?

IN JUDGING Mr. Roosevelt's Cabinet selections, it is necessary to be realistic about the task and its restrictions. No President has ever been able to make up a Cabinet from his first choices, the reason being that not all the men he wants are willing to serve. This is true in Mr. Roosevelt's case, although The New Republic is far from sharing the enthusiasm suddenly displayed by the Republican press for some of the men who are not present, such as Owen D. Young, Bernard Baruch and Newton D. Baker. The geographical limitation is also a serious handicap, while worst of all is the tradition—which Mr. Roosevelt has happily had courage to break—of confining appointments to members of one party. Of his eleven choices (including the Director of the Budget), six are definitely good, four are mediocre, and one, that of Mr. Roper, though his capacity for the office remains to be seen, is at least enormously better than the worst selections of Hoover, Coolidge or Harding. Best, because most courageous and sensible, of his selections is that of Miss Frances Perkins as Secretary of Labor. Of the same sort is the choice of Harold Ickes, brilliant progressive Republican from Chicago, as Secretary of the Interior. Henry A. Wallace, of Des Moines, is the ideal choice as Secretary of Agriculture. Dern, Walsh and Douglas are all first-class men. Farley and Swanson are mediocre individuals in jobs of comparatively little importance. Of Mr. Hull it may be said that he is earnest, well meaning and completely sympathetic with what Mr. Roosevelt proposes to do. As for Mr. Woodin, he is largely an unknown quantity; but it may safely be said that after Mills and Mellon it would be impossible for anybody not to seem a success.

SEEMINGLY well authenticated reports say that Mr. Roosevelt has chosen Judge Robert Bingham of Louisville, Kentucky, as his Ambassador to the Court of St. James. If this news is true, the appointment must be reckoned as the most mysterious of the Roosevelt administration to date. Judge Bingham is an amiable and pleasant man who came by accident into the possession of a substantial fortune. His political importance is based solely upon his ownership of The Louisville Courier-Journal; he is not, however, a newspaper man except by the circumstance of investment. Judge Bingham may turn out to be the ablest and most adroit of diplomats; but no one knows whether he will or not. The kindest interpretation which can be put on such an appointment, coming at a time when American relations with Great Britain are of such desperate importance, is that Mr. Roosevelt intends to be his own Ambassador and conduct all important negotiations direct from the White House.

THE burning of the German Reichstag building has been made a pretext for an order to arrest the Communist members of the Reich parliament. It has come at the end of a campaign of terror in which the entire Communist press, thirty-nine Social Democratic dailies and twelve weeklies and monthlies of that party were suppressed, Communist organizations and individuals were outlawed and almost every Communist and Social Democratic campaign meeting was broken up. That a self-confessed Dutch Communist has already admitted the commission of the crime does not add to the plausibility of the whole affair, especially when one considers that the Communists have nothing to gain and everything to lose by an act that serves only to give the National Socialists the much desired excuse for postponing the convocation of the Reichstag which will be elected next Sunday. Certainly the government is displaying a ruthlessness in its efforts to consolidate its powers that would justify any assumption. It has already signified its intention of driving from public life those men and women whose utterances during the World War showed them to be "unworthy of citizenship in a nationalist state." Arthur Crispien, formerly chairman of the Independent Social Democratic party and now prominent executive committe member of the Social Democratic party, has been forbidden to address public meetings on account of a speech delivered in 1917 in which he exclaimed "I do not know Germany, I know only the world!" Since the accession of Hitler to the chancellorship, Cabinet decisions are becoming law without the formality of approval by a constituted higher authority, and are no longer published as presidential emergency decrees. The death penalty has been proclaimed for all "treasonable activities." In the definition of the latter the government has the widest latitude. Liberal and nonpartisan newspapers of the most colorless type hardly dare to register sensational events such as the attack on the Social Democratic Reichstag Deputy Dr. Kurt Löwenstein, a prominent educator and the leader of the Free School movement, by Storm Troopers.

THE election next Sunday will bring no change in the government. The coalition of National Socialists and Nationalists will remain in power with the possible inclusion of one or two members of the Centrist party in the Cabinet if the Catholic vote remains undiminished. The announcements by Hitler, Fricke and Göring, Hugenberg, Seldte and

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others at various times during this campaign that they would remain the government under all circumstances is no empty boast. The government has vested police authority in 25,000 members of the Storm Troops and Steel Helmets with the evident intention of creating a Fascist militia after the pattern of Italy's Black Shirts. Opponents of the Fascist regime outside of Germany are placing some hope in the active resistance of the southern states, Bavaria, and to a lesser extent, Württemberg, misunderstanding the motives behind the vociferous protestations from this quarter. As a matter of fact Bavaria and Württemberg are not so much anti-Fascist as they are pro-Catholic and pro-monarchist and will be readily appeased by a recognition of their interests through a Centrist participation in the government and the approval of a presidial government in Bavaria under Rupprecht of Wittelsbach. The Nationalist coalition has nothing to fear from a bourgeois opposition. In their present disunion the labor parties are not a menace to the Hitler-Hugenberg regime. Under the terror of a Nazi dictatorship their resistance cannot take the form of concerted mass action, but of guerilla warfare, the effects of which can make itself felt only over a long period.

THE Banking Committee of the United States Senate, with the able assistance of its counsel, Ferdinand Pecora, has been digging out some striking information about the affairs of the National City Bank of New York, and its officers. We summarize some of the more interesting facts elicited:

After the Wall Street crash, the bank loaned $2,400,000 to its officers, most of which was used to help them carry their speculative obligations. These loans were unsecured and bore no interest. Only 5 percent of them have been paid back. Two vice presidents, for example, borrowed about $300,000 each. One of these paid back $11,000 and the other nothing. Though one of these men has left the employ of the National City Bank, no effort has been made to obtain repayment.

The treatment of the officers is in striking contrast to that accorded the bank's customers and employees. Many of the customers were sold out ruthlessly when they were unable to maintain their margins. As for the salaried employees, a large number of them who were buying stock from the bank on the instalment plan at prices in excess of $200 a share have been making payments for three years and still owe more than the present value of the stock, which is about $40.

Mr. Charles E. Mitchell, Chairman of the Board, whose salary was $25,000 a year, received in bonuses from the bank $3,500,000 in three years, a fact which was kept secret from the public. Other officers also received large annual bonuses, amounting in some cases to several hundred thousand dollars each. These bonuses were in effect voted by the officers to themselves, though for the sake of appearances a secret vote was taken as to what proportion of a given fund was to go to each man, and the individual did not vote on his own bonus.

Mr. Mitchell in 1929 evaded paying any income tax by selling 18,000 shares of National City Bank stock to a member of his family. He thereby established a paper loss of about $2,800,000. Subsequently he bought back this stock. This practice, of making a wash sale to avoid income-tax payment, which was legal in 1929, has since been prohibited by federal law.

The National City Company, the bank's security affiliate, with interlocking directors and no real independent existence, was used as a dumping ground for the bank's mistakes. For instance, the bank, against the advice of national bank examiners, loaned $30,000,000 to Cuban sugar companies. When the venture proved an unsound one, extra stock in the bank and the company was sold, to an amount to cover the bank's loans, and the obligation was transferred to the books of the company. Similarly, the unsecured loans to officers of the bank in 1929, already referred to, were afterward written down and transferred in large part to the books of the company.

On several occasions, the National City Company participated in joint stock accounts to buy and resell to the public securities of the Anaconda Copper Company and its affiliates. Although copper had recently declined 25 percent, shares were bought at $100 and sold to the public for $120. Their recent range has been from $7 to $10. Neither in this case nor in any other did the public know how much the bankers had paid for the stock which was resold at higher prices. Mr. Mitchell admitted on the stand that of the securities sold by his organization to the public, about a billion dollars' worth are in default.

One of the most curious transactions revealed is that by which the National City Company gave an option to Dominick and Dominick, a Wall Street brokerage house, for 32,000 shares of National City Bank stock at a price so far below the market that the brokerage house made an automatic and immediate profit of more than $350,000.

These revelations, of course, have made many people furiously angry. They have already resulted in forcing Mr. Mitchell to resign from all his posts in the bank and its affiliated companies. But the criticism of him as an individual, in our opinion, misses the point. What Mr. Mitchell was doing during the pre-depression years many another bank president was also doing. The public opinion of the country on the whole approved it. And whatever lip-service may be given in public to the theory of honest dealing by those in a fiduciary character, these operations are entirely consistent with the universal practices of business men under private capitalism. Send away Mr. Mitchell, and another will come to take his place (and we do not refer to Mr. Perkins, his successor). Close the doors of the National City Bank, and its twin will open across the street. If you don't like the practices revealed in Washington last week, the only answer is to dissociate banking operations entirely from the realm of private operation for profit.

IN THAT heaven where the fairies go when they die, there must have been a pleasant greeting from

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the White House spokesman for the Old Counsellor, who has just "passed away." The Old Counsellor appeared weekly over the radio, sponsored by Halsey Stuart and Company, bankers for Samuel Insull. In a voice reeking with simulated dignity, he gave "advice" to investors, which prepared them properly for the visit of the Halsey Stuart and Company bond salesman with his satchel full of Insull securities. To a Senate committee, Stuart revealed that the Old Counsellor was a professor of English at the University of Chicago and that the idea of the program was suggested to the banking house by the president of the National Broadcasting Company. This lowers The New York World Telegram into a melancholy mood, in which it asks, first, how a reputable professor could lend himself to such a thing, and secondly how a reputable university could permit it. "But much more serious," it adds, "is the responsibility of a great broadcasting company for not only allowing but soliciting it."

AS EVERYONE knows, the depression has by now all but wrecked the American labor movement. Standards as to wages and hours have both dissolved under the frantic competition to beat starvation. Except in coal fields and the automotive industries, strikes are almost unheard of nowadays. Even where labor is safeguarded by law, the law is often evaded with comparative impunity. Many of the labor unions have become mock-unions controlled by racketeers, which enforce their demands with pineapple and sub-machine gun. Perhaps no workers are more victimized by employers at present than those in the garment industry. Miss Frances Perkins, New York State Labor Commissioner, recently summarized some of their conditions in The Survey Graphic. She told of women and girls getting as little as three or four cents an hour, of weekly pay envelopes of $1, $2 or $3. If a silk dress is offered in a shop at $4 or $5, Miss Perkins warns, you can be reasonably sure that the worker who made it received far less than a living wage. She appeals to women not to buy such dresses, although recognizing that in the past such appeals have almost always failed. She puts reliance upon proper laws vigorously enforced. But how are you to enforce such laws when employees are afraid to protest and employers are in a conspiracy to defeat them? When society is sick, it is hard to make it look healthy.

THE clippings mailed us weekly in fat brown envelopes by our eagle-eyed press bureaus are usually interesting, often amusing and sometimes astonishing. Two weeks ago, for example, the envelope was stuffed with reprints by newspapers all over the country of an editorial in The Jewish Daily Forward. It seems that somebody wrote a one-inch letter about Russia to The New Republic, which was printed in the issue of January 18 along with a two-inch note of disagreement by one of the editors. The Forward translated the controversy into Yiddish and disagreed with the disagreement to the extent of nearly a column; whereupon the argument was retranslated into English and copied in so many newspapers that if all the lines of type it called forth were set end to end, they would reach from the editorial offices of The Forward halfway to Moscow—except that they were pointed in the opposite direction. It is seldom that articles appearing in a Jewish Socialist newspaper are so widely reprinted, the fact of the matter being that all too many editors don't know the difference between Aleph and Beth or between Marx (Karl), Marx (Groucho) and Marx (Hart, Schaffner and). But the nature of the editorial itself, which is a violent attack on Soviet Russia, not only explains its popularity but also furnishes an easy recipe for becoming famous. In America today, it isn't necessary to build a better mousetrap in order to have the world make a beaten path to your door. You need merely write an editorial abusing Stalin—and weekly newspapers all the way from Southern California to Puget Sound, the Everglades and the Aroostook will copy it with due acknowledgment.

Mr. Roosevelt's Task

IT IS NO exaggeration to say that Franklin D. Roosevelt, as he assumes the presidency, is confronted by the most staggering task faced by any man of his generation. The extent to which the hopes of a large part of the entire world are centered upon him is a pathetic reminder of how desperately the people are seeking a Messiah, some mystic and powerful savior who will put everything right.

Such hopes are of course delusive. Even if Roosevelt knew what needs to be done, he has not the power to do more than, say, 20 percent of what is necessary. Some of the further steps require international action, which is hedged about with the enormous difficulties created by nationalistic fear, pride and isolationist economics. Most important of all, some of these steps require a drastic transfer of wealth from the Haves to the Have-nots. And the Marxians are undoubtedly correct in pointing out that the Haves will not give up their possessions without a struggle, even for the sake of creating a better and more orderly society.

Paramount of course among Mr. Roosevelt's immediate obligations is the duty of seeing to it that sufficient money is available to prevent starvation among the unemployed. The $300,000,000 already appropriated by Congress for this purpose is rapidly being exhausted, and vast additional sums will obviously be necessary. Fortunately, Congress now seems to be awake to the necessities of the situation. The Senate has already passed the Wagner bill appropriating an additional $300,000,000 and while we believe the La Follette-Costigan bill

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was preferable, needless to say, the Wagner bill is a great deal better than nothing.

Another immediate necessity is dealing with the war debts, made more urgent by the realization that unless the European debtors obtain a settlement which they regard as reasonable, there will be almost universal default in June. Mr. Roosevelt's task here is chiefly a political one. While complete cancellation would be most desirable from the economic point of view, the President's task is instead to find a compromise formula which will be acceptable both to Congress and the debtor nations.

In the domestic field, the most immediate necessity is to repeat the work of a year ago, and shore up the collapsing national faith in our banking and financial system. Mr. Hoover did this by pouring out vast sums to certain arbitrarily selected institutions; and the inadequacy of his plan is evidenced by the new wave of hoarding and the runs, or threatened runs, which have temporarily closed many or all of the banks in seven states. It seems clear that the Roosevelt administration must adopt some other device than giving more money to men who have demonstrated their incompetence to take care of what they already had; and that federal legislation for unifying and simplifying our banking system is inevitable.

Another subject with which the new President will be forced to deal immediately is the vexed one of inflation versus deflation. An enormous quantity of muddy and biased thinking on this subject has been publicly exhibited of late. The opinions of the bankers who have been crying for "no inflation" may be disregarded as being as short-sighted as they are selfish. The country's debtors have an irresistible case when they claim that the purchasing power of money should be returned to the level where it stood when most of the debts were incurred, or else that the obligations themselves should be scaled down. The weakness of the Hoover policy has been that it permitted deflation in prices already falling the most rapidly, and prevented it in other prices already the more inflexible, throwing the whole system out of balance and causing many patent and glaring injustices. The real question is not whether debtors shall be relieved, but how to do this successfully. The New Republic has already indicated its reasons for being skeptical about the efficiency of simple currency inflation. Credit inflation has already been tried, with disappointing results: no one wants to borrow when he does not see how to use the money successfully, and timid bankers hoard their resources and refuse to take even the most reasonable risks.

The best device for the Roosevelt administration to employ, therefore, is one which combines a species of inflation with a direct attack upon the problem of unemployment: a bond issue for the purpose of financing a program of public works as large as the credit of the government will support. It is not sure that such a scheme would be effective, but the chance is certainly worth taking. As our readers know, all the government's efforts in this field heretofore have come to nothing, due to the covert sabotage of Mr. Hoover and the heads of the R.F.C. Congress appropriated one and a half billion dollars for public works, but only about 10 percent of this has been allocated and practically none of it has been spent. To be effective, the new program should involve not less than five billion dollars, to be spent with the greatest rapidity on public works, whether self-liquidating or not, in all parts of the country. Such a program is like the self-starter on an automobile: it is no use unless the engine is in a condition to go on by itself once it has been started. Whether the country is now in such a condition, it is impossible to say without trying. Whether a total as large as this can be floated without injuring the government credit is also uncertain, under present conditions.

With such a program should come a complete alteration of the present R.F.C. policy toward banks and railroads. No aspect of Mr. Hoover's administration has been worse than the policy of pouring out government funds (to the extent of one and a quarter billion dollars) to stave off bankruptcies, "bail out" banks, cover up past mistakes and wrongdoing and continue in office the men who have been guilty of these bad practices. One could ask no clearer example than this of manipulation of public wealth in the interest of a single class. Among Mr. Roosevelt's closest advisers are men who are well aware of the past mistakes of the R.F.C. and what needs to be done to remedy them.

Perhaps the most difficult of the tasks by which the new President is confronted is restoring the purchasing power of the farmer. For generations, American public policy has favored industry as against agriculture, until now the condition is one of crisis. The domestic-allotment plan, as it was originally conceived, would transfer from the pockets of consumers to those of agricultural producers about a billion dollars a year; and by so doing, it would set in motion forces which would not merely redistribute the national wealth, but would increase it. Mr. Roosevelt has in the past favored this plan; and if he should now withdraw his support from it, he could only do so by bringing forward a substitute which would have substantially the same result.

These are but a few of the pressing problems with which the new President will be confronted. Behind them, of course, lie others which are even more fundamental, and will encounter even greater resistances, than these. Our civilization is extremely sick; and the most important cause of its sickness is the maldistribution of income. Mr. Roosevelt is the doctor called in to prescribe for the symptoms while most of the members of the household feverishly hope that he will not touch the underlying malady. Yet if he does not, even his efforts to drive away the surface symptoms can be only momentarily successful. We have seen no evidence

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as yet that Mr. Roosevelt either understands the fundamental malady or is prepared to deal with it. His actions thus far have been those of one who hopes to patch things up so that they will be better for a while, and will then patch them again and perhaps a little more extensively; and so on. But it is perhaps unfair to judge a President in the week of his inauguration. The larger question, time will answer.

The Michigan Moratorium

IF YOU read the newspaper accounts of the Michigan bank collapse you necessarily got these impressions:

That the trouble started with the failure of a Ford bank. ("Effort to save Ford bank," read the New York Times headline.)

That it was precipitated by Ford's refusal to save his own bank, and

That the whole incident was the crisis of an old feud between Ford and Senator Couzens, who, at the last moment, blocked a loan by the R.F.C.

Now that the episode has come to an end with Ford's taking over of Detroit's two big banks, the facts ought to be clearly understood. The impressions detailed above were, of course, wholly unfounded. It is not too much to say that apparently they were artfully foisted upon uninformed newspaper men to conceal the real story. The men and the banking methods which produced this catastrophe, oddly enough, were never mentioned in the news accounts. The simple fact, which everyone ought to fix in his mind, is that Michigan's much touted experiment in group banking has come to ignominious crash.

The trouble started in what is known as the Guardian Detroit Union Group. This is a holding company. It owns the Union Guardian Trust Company and the Guardian National Bank of Commerce and its branches in Detroit and some twenty-six or more other banks throughout the state. Besides that, it owns Keane, Higbie and Company, the Bancdetroit Corporation and five other companies engaged in putting out securities and selling them to the customers of their banks, the National Union Building Company, the Union Joint Stock Land Company and various others. For years critics have been predicting that these concerns—groups owning a flock of banks which buy and lend on securities and flocks of security companies which manufacture and sell securities—would come to grief. This group, oddly enough, is known as the "Guardian" group.

There was a word to give pause to these bankers. Guardian! Guardian of what? Guardian of the money of its depositors. To be in the business of making things to sell to these trusting depositors is an unthinkable thing—a violation of good morals and good business. The collapse is a perfectly logical dénouement. Those responsible for it are the men who set up this monstrous kind of bank, and no one else. These men include not merely Edsel Ford, but Mr. Roy D. Chapin, Secretary of Commerce, and high officials of the General Motors Corporation, the Chrysler Company and other big Detroit business concerns. Henry Ford himself has always criticized these banks and bankers, has never owned a dollar of stock in them, and has got into the thing merely as a depositor, putting his funds in when the banks needed aid.

The president of this bank was Mr. Robert O. Lord. He appeared before a House committee investigating branch and group banking two years ago. He deplored the great numbers of small, weak banks and told how his bank would be a Tower of Strength to the community in time of trouble.

"Well," said a congressman, "suppose you owned a little bank in—say—er—"

Then by a kind of perverse ill luck, his tongue fell, at a random toss, upon the name "Wyandotte."

"Suppose you owned a bank in Wyandotte. All its depositors would be secure under your system, wouldn't they?"

"Mr. Dunbar," replied Lord, "it would depend on the size of the bank. But a bank in a town like Wyandotte would be so small it would be very easy to take care of its depositors."

As it happens, there is a little bank in Wyandotte which belongs to a group like Mr. Lord's—only bigger—the Detroit Bankers' Company. In the fullness of time that little bank in Wyandotte was the first one belonging to any of these big groups to need aid. It needed a paltry $150,000. And that sum had to be furnished by the Reconstruction Finance Corporation. But there were other banks which belonged to Mr. Lord's great group. It had a little bank in Kalamazoo which needed $145,000. The R.F.C. had to furnish that. One bank after another had to be saved by the R.F.C.—at least half a dozen of them—and all this secretly, last May and June. And Mr. Lord's big bank itself needed help too. All the banks in Michigan, put together, required $20,000,000 from the R.F.C., and Lord's Tower of Strength in Detroit got three-fourths of it. Very secretly, too. Soon it needed plenty more. Things were cooked up for a $23,000,000 loan from the R.F.C. But this was not enough. Its deposits were $25,000,000, and apparently the company was drained dry. Ford had deposited $20,000,000 at different times to save it. He had $7,500,000 deposited there. The guardians of the Tower wanted him to freeze it in the bank. He refused. Hence the Union Guardian was ready for the ash can. So, in order to save all the little "weak" unit banks of Michigan from being crushed as the Tower of Strength fell, the Governor had to close every bank in the state for a week.

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Now the business has been adjusted by the Union Guardian Trust Company's folding up, its assets going to a new bank to be created and taken over by Ford wholly to save Detroit from the ravages of these bankers. But remember that not only this Union Guardian Trust Company, but its commercial sister, the Guardian National, is to be liquidated and both will be made into a single bank. Also the First National, the key bank of the other great group—the Detroit Bankers' Company—is to be reorganized into another bank and handed over to Ford. And the government is reported to be putting some $78,000,000 into the enterprise. And with this the great system of holding-company banking—the effort to subject banking to the same baleful development as our utilities—may be said to have been officially delivered to the junk pile in Michigan. That state has been a leader in this form of "banking." Yet it is the first state to witness a complete collapse of its whole banking system.

Meantime it would be interesting to know what produced the Union Guardian Trust Company collapse. It has been given out that 80 percent of its assets are in Detroit real estate, which has shrunk and frozen in its hands. There is in Detroit a concern known as the Detroit Properties, Inc. It in turn owns the Bagley-Clifford Corporation, which built a movie theatre and eighteen-story office building on the corner of Bagley Avenue and Clifford Street. It was financed with funds raised by realty bonds (save the mark!). A little old teacher went into one of these banks. She was retiring and had $10,000, the fruit of her life's savings. She asked where she might put this money in safety. The banker said: "The stock of the Bagley-Clifford Corporation." Of course that corporation is now in receivership and the mortgage on the theatre and building is foreclosed. The odd thing is that Detroit Properties, Inc., is a concern whose board of directors is made up of officials of certain of these Guardian banks and Detroit Bankers' Company banks also. Was there much of this? How much of this kind of paper does the trust company hold? And, in all seriousness, may we ask whether we should not frame a new definition of the two words "Guardian" and "Trust"?

The Arms Embargo

JAPAN has left Geneva, and seems likely to resign her League membership. Her guns are booming in Jehol. The pacific machinery set up fifteen years ago is now faced with its greatest test. Japan having been pronounced an aggressor, actually though not technically, what will the League do about it? And what part will the United States play?

A few years ago, much was heard about the plan which France still occasionally presents when it suits her purpose, for a League army and navy which would act as an international police force. But no one takes this proposal seriously any longer. Then came the era of "economic sanctions"—a pleasant phrase for an ugly reality. An aggressor nation, such as Japan, would be blockaded, prevented from sending goods abroad or borrowing money from the other Powers. Thereby, so the argument ran, she would quickly be brought to terms. This proposal, also, has withered away in the bright light of public discussion. It was recognized that for such a plan to be effective, the brunt of it must be borne by the United States and Great Britain; and that these two Powers were unlikely to undertake such a thing. It was also recognized that if they did, Japan's resistance would be stiffened rather than broken, that she would be likely to declare war and that the conflagration which would thus be started might easily spread to western Europe.

Once again, therefore, the project has been whittled down. Now the plan is that the League Powers, plus the United States and Russia, should refuse to sell arms and ammunition to Japan, while supplying them to China. Even this plan, fortunately, does not seem likely to be put into effect. Great Britain has now inaugurated a temporary arms embargo, but it applies equally to both China and Japan.

Unfortunately, this act favors Japan, which is much better equipped. There is no evidence that any other Power is likely to undertake the work of furnishing arms to China while withholding them from her opponent. In the United States, there is a great deal of sentiment in favor of an arms embargo; but so far as we can judge, it is sentiment for doing away with this unsavory trade in toto, and not for using the embargo to enforce moral judgments against an aggressor. For the unpalatable truth is that an arms embargo directed against Japan alone would be regarded by her as a *casus belli* quite as much as would a general economic boycott; and every argument which applies against a boycott is equally good against an arms embargo.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

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Boys Going Nowhere

Notes from the Diary of an American "Wild Boy"

Salisbury, N. C.

MY PAL, Jola, and I went to the Salvation Army early in the morning. It was filthy and over the place hung the smell of antiseptic. A broken-down pugilist and three old men were there drinking weak coffee and eating moldy bread with smelly butter. We left without eating and bummed a hotel, but the boss said: "We got orders not to feed anybody since the Bonus Army came through here." We bummed the houses and finally got food.

Jola was a New York boy who had studied the violin for seven years, was a critic, painter and defender of modern art. Along with hundreds of other musicians he had no job, his pictures didn't sell, and now he was a wanderer. He was twenty-three, very tall, and walked with an habitual stoop. His sister had a job in New York City and he had lived with her for two years. Tired of being a burden on her, he started South, painting portraits on the streets at twenty-five cents each. I met him in my wanderings, posed for him to attract crowds and began to learn drawing portraits myself.

Winston-Salem, N. C.

It's a hard grind going from house to house and saying: "We're artists and will draw your picture for a quarter." No one responds.

While loafing around the post office a man came and asked us if we wanted to make some easy money. Of course! So he spins a yarn about a hidden load of liquor, and that he needed help to hijack it. He said a local boy had promised to help but had backed out, and that there would be two hundred dollars in it for the night's work. It sounded too fishy, so we turned him down. Later in the evening we saw him talking with a cop and knew he was a detective trying to frame us. We left town in a hurry.

Durham, N. C.

My pal left me here and went towards New York City. We didn't get along so well. We were always half-starved and therefore irritable. He said: "I'm tired of starving and freezing to death at night in haystacks. In New York one can always bum a few cents and get a good meal at Macfadden's Penny Arcade." The day he left a cold wind blew from the North with a hint of snow in the air. I think the threat of winter must have driven him South again, for I later heard rumors of a tall young man in another town dashing off portraits at ten cents each.

Fell in with two other boys, one from the North, fairly well dressed and with nimble fingers. He stole a bottle of shoe polish right under the eyes of a ten-cent-store clerk, lifted a tin of sardines and, after trying several stores, made a superb theft of a can of apricots. With a loaf of bakery bread we had quite a meal and stretched out to sleep in the park.

Raleigh, N. C.

Everybody brags of having a graft or a racket. Stayed in Sally [Salvation Army] with fifteen or twenty other boys with a sprinkling of middle-aged and older men. The bosses had promised us breakfast next morning for wood-chopping, but after being waked up, we were told that they had failed to get grub for us the day before. Disappointed, we hung around, hoping against hope, then drifted away. A snub-nosed, self-sufficient boy said: "Well, anyway, I've got a racket." We felt envious. Most of us didn't have a racket. Later in the morning I saw the same boy uptown and asked him about his racket. "I go around to the houses," he said, "and ask if they've any tight windows or bureau drawers they would like to have loosened." He glanced at me sharply to see if I was laughing at his racket.

Greenville, N. C.

Arrived here on a freight train late at night, tired and dirty from train smoke and cinders. I slept in the tobacco warehouse with two other young tramps, one having a suitcase crammed with dirty clothes and a blanket smelling of antiseptic. Next morning was cold, the wind hinted of winter. Leaving town I turned due south, walking the roads. All day I went steadily, getting an occasional ride from trucks or Fords. When dinnertime came I asked for work at a farmhouse for food and picked peas with the farmer's family for two hours.

That night I pried open a church window and slept there. Services had been held there that night, and I had crouched near by in a clump of pines till the last hymn had ended and the people had walked and driven away in cars and buggies. I placed two seats together, wrapped my blanket about me and fell asleep. It grew steadily colder during the night. About four o'clock I was awakened by the wind rattling the windows. I got up chilled to the bone and walked the roads till morning. When the sun rose I spread my blanket on the ground and fell asleep.

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Wilmington, N. C.

Stayed for two nights in the Y.M.C.A., sleeping on white beds in a warm room till I used up my welcome, then spent the third night in jail. It was pouring rain, the night cops were gathering and donning their slickers and rain hats. An old tramp was already there and later an intelligent, sharp-faced Jewish boy and a chance road companion came in. Their clothes were dripping wet and both were gray-faced with fatigue. After getting warmer, we gathered in an end of the building and began to talk so loudly and hysterically that the morose detective stared at us suspiciously. The Jewish boy said: "The old folks got theirs and we young fellows suffer. However, they've left us one great industry always open: there's always room for one more good hobo, so I take that. I'm going to California this winter to get warm."

In talking of our chances of getting anywhere in this world, the Jewish boy said our chances were damned slim. His pal, a smug, steady-eyed boy from Boston, grew a bit hot: "I can get along. Hell, a smart guy can always get along."

"Yeah? There's smarter men than you in the bread lines! What can you do? How you gonna get started?" I asked.

"Well, I won't be the only fellow that started with nothing in this world. I know I can find a good location somewhere and start a filling station." We gave him the horse laugh.

Morehead City, N. C.

I have found the hobo's paradise, for here I am off the beaten track and therefore in an unbummed town. I live well for three days and nights, eating and sleeping, talking to the fishermen and lounging by the seaside watching the ships and sea gulls. I lie in the sun, for I am worn out by the months of hardships, suspicions, the bad food and hard words. Here is peace: the barefooted fishermen are kind, the captains of little fishing boats sit on the curb listening to my talk of the coal mines and mountain people. I am well liked and they tell me, laughing: "This town takes to strangers. If you can manage to hang on here without starving for six months they will make you mayor of the town."

Charleston, S. C.

Traveled across country for days, living as usual, always on the lookout for food, a place to sleep and possible work.

Charleston is full of homeless boys from the North and Northwest, brought by the delusion of palm trees and warm days. People in the big houses facing the harbor are generous if you can get an interview. One feels like a fool hollering up through a high window to a colored cook, "What about something to eat." But when they do feed, it's good food. The restaurants are bummed to death. Rarely does one find a man off his guard enough to utter a resentful yes when asked for food.

I slept two nights in the Red Star Mission. Paid for my bed, beef and grits by listening to their prayers, by being brow-beaten by some young tough who had just got religion and was consequently allowed to stay in the Mission any length of time for his valuable testimony at each night's meeting.

Slept the third night in the Charleston jail. The cops searched my clothes for weapons, my legs for knives, or perhaps for shackles, and showed me a bench hardly a foot wide to sleep on. The night was hot, the bench an impossible place and the mosquitoes were swarming. I got up and cautiously wandered out to the patrol-wagon yard and began talking to two young policemen.

They told me that there was a war on between police and Negroes. A cop and a white man had been shot, for which they were bent on revenge. When the white man had been shot, a small-sized mob had gathered, but the older police had refused to turn the Negro over. The young policeman said: "I'd have turned him over to be lynched." He also said that it was one of his ambitions to kill a Negro. "I almost did it once. I'd arrested a nigger and he put up some show of resistance, so I threw my club on the ground and said: 'Pick it up, you goddam son of a bitch!' and he reached to get it, had it in his hand, but dropped it like it was a coal of fire. In another minute I'd 'a shot his brains out. And there was my defense: nigger resists arrest, grabs club, starts to attack officer of the law."

The night wore on. The gong boomed several times, summoning patrol wagons to different parts of the city, and they answered like grim automatons or bloodless hounds bent on vengeance. Once they brought back their prey, a drunken Negro, whom they shoved and pushed brutally before locking him up. Later a thin, tall man in civilian clothes entered the yard and the young policeman said with pride: "He shot a nigger's belly button out a few nights back."

En Route.

Grabbed a freight towards Macon. Boys were scattered all over the train, with fifteen or twenty in the box-car I was in. Some lay sleeping on old paper, others swapped yarns, passed on recipes, told each other of bad detectives, of good places and friendly people, and where to catch the trains in and out of big towns. One, a boy of twenty, was just off the chain gang and showed us his leg raw from the shackles.

In one corner a group was listening to a tale of a glorious jungle stew once made in northern Kentucky: "My part was to steal a peck of tomatoes for the stew. . . ."

"Yeah, I was there," another boy jeered. "I got the stone and we made a stone stew." I knew he had read the same Second Reader I had.

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The gossip grew more scattering and drowsy. Soon we fell asleep, comforted by one another's nearness.

Macon, Ga.

We descended on Macon in a horde and were swallowed up by the streets. Yet we were there, dozens of us, bumming the same houses and restaurants, wandering the same streets, vague and lonely, ever on the move.

That night I slept in the Salvation Army. It was crowded with boys and young men, some with small grips, others with nothing but the shirts on their backs. One boy, a nightmare of rags and dirt, was so thin and far-gone that we tramps, ourselves destitute, gave him of our stock of goods. Two boys from the same town in Alabama slept there the night I did, and when they met the following morning both were ashamed and annoyed.

I saw them later uptown and we sat down at the foot of a monument and talked about where to go. One suggested New York City, another New Orleans, while I suggested California or Mexico. One of the boys, a square-faced, broad-shouldered youngster, said: "If I had one of those pistols over there in that showcase I'd get what I wanted." We figured how to break the glass without making much noise at night. We could wrap the case with an overcoat, break the glass with a rock, seize the guns and run. It was all talk, of course.

En Route.

Leaving Macon I am the only one on the freight to Atlanta. Perhaps there are others, for this line has a bad name and we may be hiding from each other. That night I rode an oil tank and as the night was cold I stood up, holding the railing with rigid hands and staring ahead, watching the smoke grow red when the fireman stoked the boiler. I tied my bundle to the railing for fear of losing it, and stamped my feet to keep from dozing. But I slept in spite of myself. When I awoke with a jerk, I found myself leaning far over the gulf of grinding wheels. I was too frightened to sleep during the rest of the night.

Forty miles from Atlanta the train stopped for water and the railroad detective found me and said I could ride no farther—that I would be arrested in Atlanta anyway. I must have been a strange sight. My hair was long and needed cutting and billowed like rank vegetation beneath the dirty, once white, cap I wore. The night dew and the train smoke had settled on my face, leaving it a streaked dirty smudge.

After his order to leave the train I stood making a cigarette, giving him glance for glance. When I started away he said, looking at my bundle: "You've not stole anything around here, have you?"

"No," I said, and then turned around and asked, "Do I look like a thief?"

"Yes," he said. "You have that mean look."

En Route.

Leaving Atlanta with three other boys, youngsters going deeper South, we were rounded up in the railroad yards by five detectives carrying pistols and shotguns. They caught eighteen or twenty of us after beating the bushes about the yards. They herded us to a bank beside the railroad, all of us young, none over twenty-five except a middle-aged man looking for a place by some river to jungle-up for the winter. They examined us for scars from shackles, threatened us with three months on the chain gang. I saw one of the cops go a short distance away, take all the cartridges from his pistol, then return and sit down close to a tough-looking young man. The cop's pistol butt was in easy reach of the boy's hand. Another cop was watching. Had the boy grabbed the empty pistol from the cop's holster he would have been shot to give the other tramps a lesson, to keep them out of Atlanta. The boy did not grab the pistol—most of us were passive young men and did not really care what happened. They herded us to the highways, took our names and told us if they caught us again it would be six months on the chain gangs.

Chattanooga, Tenn.

Finally got into Tennessee, tired, dispirited and hopeless. I decided to go to Mexico or California. It didn't matter.

At one crossing in this town fully a hundred men and boys had gathered and were waiting for the southbound freight. When the train came the boys issued from the grass, from junk piles, from the shadows of nearby houses, and began to swing on the train as it passed the crossing. Some had packs, some tattered suitcases, others had bundles or nothing at all.

En Route.

On a freight I found three women beside the usual crowds of boys. Two were Negro women and the other was a white girl. All three were dressed in men's clothing. In the darkness I had asked the white girl for a match, not knowing that she was a woman. She replied: "I'm a lady and I don't carry matches." I noticed that, like most ladies, she had allowed one of the young tramps to put his arms about her. Heard many tales of women hoboes. One hobo told me how two women had lightened the journey of some twenty hoboes one night.

Was walking up a road when I met a new recruit to our ranks. He was a young farmer boy just leaving home, and he had a wild, vague look of pride and uneasiness at his venture. With his bundle and his unkempt clothes he was on his way to Texas, where he said he had heard they were

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paying three dollars a day for farmhands. We wished each other good luck and went on our way.

ROBERT CARTER.

Shortly after the experiences described in this diary, Carter returned to his home in Norton, Virginia, but stayed there only a few weeks before setting out toward the West Coast on the endless search for a job somewhere, perhaps in the next town. On a postcard from Los Angeles he said, "Am doing free work at present with the Unemployed Councils—sleeping in jails—in empty halls, etc. I wish you fellows would write a stinging editorial against the efforts of the militarists to thrust these homeless boys into Citizens' Military Training Camps."—THE EDITORS.

Philura Gould Baldwin Memorial Library

Is Human Nature Changing in Russia?

IS HUMAN nature changing under the Soviet regime in Russia? The answer is "yes," but this is not the most significant manner of stating the question. Human nature changes under all regimes: that is, human beings develop new ways of behaving, new habits and new sanctions for conduct under all changing circumstances. The important question relates to rate and quality of change. In other words, how rapidly is human nature in Russia changing, and what is the nature of its redirection?

Change in Russia, as elsewhere, takes place upon three primary and interrelated levels: namely, those of social control, culture and human nature. Under social control may be placed all political, legal and economic institutions and agencies which set new conditions for living and consequently impose upon people the necessity of responding in new ways. Under culture may be placed the totality of all institutions, traditions and folkways which represents the history of the Russian people. And by human nature we may assume to mean that combination of reflexes, habits and traits of human beings considered as individual organisms.

Change takes place at a differing rate of speed on each of these levels; it is particularly rapid with respect to social control, since Soviet Russia is administered by a revolutionary dictatorship; it is much slower as regards culture, because Russia is an unwieldy mass which cannot be made to move rapidly under any conditions; and change is even slower on the plane of human nature, since the elements here involved are embedded in physiological structures. The really important question upon which hinges the future and the fate of the Soviet experiment as a whole is this: Is it possible for human nature to change with sufficient rapidity and depth to attain those revolutionary goals which constitute the essence of the Communist program?

All recent research appears to point to the fact that the human organism is much more flexible than it is usually assumed to be; but its flexibility also implies the possibilities of violent reaction and return to former stability. If such reaction does not occur after a sudden pull, it means that the organism has found stability or security on a new plane. The "sudden pull" has already occurred in Russia, first of all, and perhaps in its most fundamental sense, in the movement to abolish the private ownership of property. Human nature, that is, individual Russians, must now adjust themselves to this situation; if they find adequate security in such adjustment, their habits will alter and become established on the new plane. If, on the other hand, security is wanting over a given period of time, they will be pulled back toward a former conception of stability. The goal of the organism is dynamic equilibrium, or in other language, security gained through the satisfaction of hungers, plus the potential development of new wants.

The above propositions, simple as they may seem, need to be understood by anyone who attempts to interpret the Communist regime in Russia. The Western observer, although he sees Russia as through a glass darkly, realizes that the major significance of the Soviet experiment is focused at this point, namely its effect upon human nature, upon human motives, satisfactions and energies. I should like to begin my interpretation by stating a few general conclusions and then proceed to add illustrations which seem to me to demonstrate ways in which human nature is actually changing under Communism.

In the first place, there is stability in contemporary Russia and there is solidarity. Revolutionary vigilance tends to relax in all spheres because there is no longer any real danger of counter-revolutionary movements from within. Besides, there exists an enthusiasm, particularly among the youth, which implies more than passive adjustment. The primary hungers are not satisfied; food is scarce and its quality is poor; housing and sanitation are deplorably inadequate and clothing is generally deficient. One may explain the extraordinary patience and incredible enthusiasm of the people on the basis of three facts: (a) economic security within the present standard exists for all workers, including a job, insurance against sickness, accidents and old age; (b) the technological program and a systematic scheme of distribution to raise the standard of living have already proved successful enough to hold forth a real promise for the future;

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and (c) failure to satisfy the primary hungers does not produce a negative reaction because there are other goals which have thus far served to release energies and to promote faith.

The last-mentioned point calls for further elaboration. Ordinary hardships are not difficult to bear so long as people are imbued with belief in a distant ideal. And contemporary Russians certainly have faith—both in the goal which they have set for themselves and in their world mission. During the Cultural Olympics last year some fifty thousand Russian youths chanted over and over: "We are changing the world, we are changing the world, we are changing the world." This fervor which makes the present hardships endurable cannot, patently, last for long. It will flag when a rising standard of living brings contentment, or when the non-communist world demonstrates an effective resistance to the Russian formula of social change. What is much more likely to happen, it seems to me, is this: Soviet Russia will win partial success for its materialistic program by moving gradually to the Right while many of the capitalistic nations of the world may adjust by moving toward the Left.

Human nature becomes a satisfactory object for observation when regarded as a combination of means through which organisms attain their ends. Thus, when ends change the means also change. It has been assumed by many that one of the ends to be sought by human beings is property. Both the feudalistic and the capitalistic periods of socio-economic evolution promoted and encouraged the growth of this acquisitive trait. Some observers even go so far as to call acquisitiveness an instinct. But it is nothing more than a developed means for attaining another and much more important goal, namely, security. In a society so organized as to provide security only for those who possess real property, acquisitiveness will become a dominant trait. By the same token, in a society so organized as to furnish security for all citizens functionally related to the state, acquisitiveness will become a recessive trait.

I found in Russia many evidences of the latter trend, but perhaps one illustration will suffice to make my meaning clear. In conversation with two machinists in a Russian factory, one an American and one British, I finally asked this question: "If you could be sure of a good job back home, would you prefer to be there?" Both were slow to respond, but finally the American workman began: "I don't know how Jack feels about it, but if I had only the job to consider and if I could be sure of getting as good a job as I have here, I'd go back home. But, if I had to give up all the securities and the social and educational advantages which go with my job here, I'd rather stay."

It must be remembered that this man lived in a society in which he could not own private property; the objects for which he might expend his earnings were consumption goods and cultural enjoyments. After reminding him of this circumstance I asked what he meant by "securities and social and educational advantages." He thereupon explained the education which he received through the factory and through his trade union, the social life of his workers' club, and concluded by saying: "Two years ago I was seriously ill with pneumonia. I received medical care for six months. At the close of this period I returned to the factory and reported for work. My factory physician suggested that I ought to have a further period of rest and recuperation and I was then sent to a rest home in the southern mountains for three more months. When I finally came back my job was awaiting me, I had accumulated no hospital or doctor's bills, and in fact I had suffered no economic setback of any kind. Where else could I find that sort of security?"

Is it not obvious in this case that this worker's so-called human nature had changed? Why should he develop the habits of acquisitiveness when he had already found greater security through collectivization than he would be likely to find in a society which provides at best a precarious security even to those who own property?

Prostitution, homosexuality and suicide were common manifestations in pre-revolutionary Russia and the observer would have been correct in assuming then that these were elements of that part of human nature which the Russian folk embodied. But these aspects of civilization are now disappearing. Why? Because the principles of mental hygiene have been applied to social, economic and legal processes. Enthusiastic promoters of this program now proclaim that their goal is to eliminate neuroses entirely. When the inquirer recovers from the shock of this bold announcement and asks how this ambitious goal is to be achieved, he receives a simple answer. The Russian mental-hygiene program consists of three parts; namely, (1) the elimination of organized religion with its accompanying fears, propagation of guilt feelings and psychologically unsound procedures of atonement, (2) the legalizing of all forms of sex conduct except those involving relations between adults and children, and (3) the application of psychology to labor for the purpose of furnishing every worker with emotional satisfaction in his work.

There can be little doubt, it seems to me, that such a program, if carried out as a broad-scaled social policy, would result in marked changes in human behavior. Suicide, prevalent even so late as 1926 in Russia, has already all but disappeared. In other words, the incidence of suicide diminished in Soviet Russia during the period when it rose in the United States.

American observers and publicists frequently express concern over the fate of the family under the Soviet regime. Often they are the same persons who so guilelessly insist that human nature never changes. The truth of the matter seems to be that

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the family as an institution persists in Russia as elsewhere even though sex, marriage and the relation between parents and their offspring have changed markedly. Birth control and abortions are practised legally and without taboos. Marriage is a civil contract which can be made or dissolved like any other form of contract. Divorce is as simple as marriage. Parents see less of their children and guard against those emotional fixations which cause so much disturbance in American family life.

These are important changes and they affect the very nature of human response. Numerous consequences are already visible. There is, for example, less talk about sex in Russia than among any other people with whom I have lived in recent years. What is taken for granted does not call for prolonged discussion. In addition, there is little wasted energy on account of sexual difficulties. All of this sounds both simple and rational, but more needs to be said. The extremely realistic attitude assumed by modern Russians with respect to sex, marriage and family tends to deny and to eliminate the romantic motif in heterosexual relationships. But the balance of life is not so easily managed. Jealousy, for example, tends to reassert itself. At a dinner in Moscow at which a noted Russian sat with his wife and two young women with whom he had established what we should call extra-marital relationships, there occurred this incident: a foreigner finding one of the young ladies a pleasant dancing partner, consequently danced with her three times in succession. During the third dance the Russian walked across the floor, took the young lady by the shoulders and brusquely marched her off. She later informed her foreign dancing partner that this man was extremely jealous of her.

I was so amazed by this occurrence that I later described it to a psychiatrist. He became very serious and said that he was obliged to admit that this was one of the disturbing problems for which they had as yet found no adequate solution. But he quickly added: "You must not, however, confuse this kind of jealousy with the ordinary capitalistic variety." When I pressed him for a discriminating definition of the two types of jealousy he responded by saying: "By capitalistic jealousy I mean that variety of distrust between man and woman which is based fundamentally upon the sense of property and possession. Our newer forms of jealousy are more primitive and are derived primarily from the sense of virility. They do not appear, usually, in marriages, but in free relationships." I did not, of course, accept this distinction as valid because, after all, the problem of sexual relationships is far from solved so long as coercion is still employed by one or the other partner in any arrangement, and the distinction between "capitalistic" and "communistic" jealousy appeared to me as nothing more than a convenient and amusing rationalization.

I do not expect Soviet Russia to return to the Victorian conception of sex, marriage and family. The rational gains which have already become obvious under the new discipline are too convincing. But I do anticipate a return of the romantic impulse in sexual relationships. Also, I expect to see significant readjustments in future family life, some of which are already apparent. Mothers, for example, strive diligently to play the unromantic role toward their husbands and toward their children, but I noticed that a great many fathers cared for children. In fact, I have never seen more actual child-caring performed by fathers than can be noticed in Soviet Russia.

One more illustration of changed behavior in Russia must suffice. An automobile caught fire at a busy street intersection in Moscow. The traffic director (or militiaman, since the word "police" is not used in Russia) left his post and went to help the man who was frantically fighting the flames. A crowd quickly gathered. The traffic director turned in a fire alarm. By the time the chemical equipment arrived the crowd had become so dense that the firemen experienced great difficulty in reaching the automobile. Finally the fire was put out, but in the meantime traffic at the busy corner had become entangled in a confused mass of automobiles, trucks, street cars and wagons. The traffic director returned to his post and confronted what looked like a hopeless task. But the crowd which had gathered to watch the fire quickly turned to his aid; he dispatched one man here and another there with orders and in an incredibly short time the traffic snarl had become disentangled and affairs went on as before. Here, then, was an illustration of voluntary collectivism. No, it was more than that: it was a demonstration of unity between the citizen and his government. As I meditated on the event it occurred to me that I had never before witnessed such a spontaneous identification of the citizen with a governmental agent and his function.

At the outset of this essay I intimated that the significant query concerning the relation between human nature and the revolutionary movement in Russia should be pointed in the direction of quality and rate of change. No dispassionate Western observer can approve of all the qualitative aspects of changes in human behavior occurring in modern Russia. I found myself rebelling constantly at manifestations of new behavior-patterns revealed in their stubborn militarism, their willingness to be coerced and their complacency regarding a rising and somewhat arrogant bureaucracy. And I was frequently amazed at the sheer ineptitude of the rulers as evinced in their blundering management of the agrarian population. But what disturbed me most of all, from a psychological point of view, was their almost childlike preoccupation with things. I felt, however, that these were not the most significant aspects of their newer behavior patterns.

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On the contrary, my dominant feeling was that the observable changes in human nature represented for the most part a cluster of traits which would be approved by the more progressive psychologists and social scientists everywhere.

One leaves the land of the Soviets with mixed and contradictory feelings, knowing that at bottom there inheres so much of the East in Russia that its real cultural essence must elude the Western visitor. One feels that the great lesson which the Communists are teaching the world is not Communism but rather the latent capacity of human nature to adapt itself to changing circumstances. If the rest of the modern world could accommodate itself to this conception of flexibility, we should all soon find the courage and the energy wherewith to build new social and economic structures.

E. C. LINDEMAN.

Congress and the Pay Roll

SENATORS and Representatives at Washington are dismayed and bewildered at the national condemnation which has descended upon them. In part this bewilderment is justified, but in one respect it is not. It is only natural that the public should be indignant and suspicious of a body which indifferently permits its leaders and a large number of its members to carry more or less idle relatives on their official pay rolls in a period of such unemployment and strain on the country's tax resources. At a crucial time when there is so much demand for governmental expenditure on necessary relief, many of the nation's legislators are concerned with keeping wives, children, nephews, nieces, "in-laws" and every other variety of relative on the congressional pay roll, even though many perform no service and sometimes do not even live in Washington.

That Congress permits these conditions to persist seems a serious fault to many voters burdened with steadily rising taxes, reduced wages or unemployment. Such practices have been outlawed in a number of states. Utah passed an anti-nepotism law a year ago. The Constitution of Missouri forbids employment of relatives by state officials and statutes against the practice exist in Idaho, Mississippi, Nevada, New Mexico and some other states. Congress itself decreed in the Civil Service Act that not more than two members of the same family shall be employed in the classified Civil Service. Yet Congress does not choose to follow the rule it has prescribed for the executive departments. Individual members in numerous cases do not adhere to the spirit of anti-nepotism laws of the states they represent. As they are legally held to be federal, not state, officials, there is no compulsion except that of conscience to require a Senator or Representative to observe an anti-nepotism law his own state may have enacted.

As a result of a series of news dispatches carried by the United Press, the House of Representatives adopted a resolution opening its current pay-roll records for the first time. These showed one hundred Representatives listing secretaries or clerks bearing their family name. An undetermined number of others have listed relatives by marriage bearing dissimilar names. In several instances three members of the same family were on the congressional pay roll. Vice President-elect John N. Garner's family was one of these until a few days before the House records were opened. Mrs. Garner has been employed as her husband's secretary for years. She is carried on the rolls as E. R. Garner. Their son, Tully C. Garner, was also listed as a clerk, but was dropped just before the records became public. He lives at Uvalde, Texas, where he manages his father's ranch and is president of a bank.

Utah's two Senators and two Representatives carried relatives on the pay roll long after the state anti-nepotism law was enacted. Senator Smoot probably holds the record, having had three generations of his family represented on the Senate roll within the last two years—one son, two daughters and a grandson who was employed as a page. A son-in-law works in the Federal Farm Loan Bureau.

The Senate has refused to consider the matter of opening its current pay-roll records. However, an unofficial check made for the United Press shows thirty-seven Senators employing relatives. The names are almost evenly divided between Republicans and Democrats, and some of the most prominent leaders are included. In the House of Representatives, one hundred and thirty-three members are known to have carried relatives at public expense.

But they won't all be with us forever. Thanks in part to the interest of the taxpayers, five Senators and fifty-seven Representatives on the list of nepotists will go back to private life at the end of the present Congress. A few of these retired voluntarily; the others were beaten for renomination or reëlection. Still, there are at least 108 left, though a number of them have reformed.

Senator Simeon D. Fess of Ohio was chairman of the Republican National Committee until last June. He was temporary chairman and keynoter of the Republican National Convention at Kansas City in 1928 and is also chairman of the Senate Library Committee. A recent issue of the official Congressional Directory listed Dorothy Fess as assistant secretary of this committee. Her address

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was given as the Carlton Hotel, Washington. She is the Senator's daughter-in-law, wife of Lehr Fess, a lawyer in Toledo, Ohio. She did not live at the Carlton Hotel in Washington, but in her husband's home in Toledo. She drew $2,220 a year. Senator Fess said his daughter-in-law does clerical work for him at her home. She was removed from the pay roll after the matter became public.

Senator Joseph T. Robinson of Arkansas is Democratic leader of the Senate. He was vice-presidential candidate of the Democratic party in 1928. He has five clerks on his pay roll—authorized and paid for by the Senate. Three are relatives. One works in his office here. One is a brother-in-law who is president of a bank at Little Rock, Arkansas, and seldom comes to Washington. A third was his aged mother-in-law. She was recently replaced by the wife of a nephew who is also on his office staff.

The list of thirty-seven names shows almost every variety of relative: the aged, the infirm and youngsters of college age. A number of Senators and Representatives have educated their children by means of the congressional pay roll.

Each Representative has been allowed $5,000 a year for clerk hire. This was reduced to $4,583.33 in the 1932 economy law. He may appoint two clerks without restriction except that neither is to draw more than $3,900 a year. Each Senator has been allowed approximately $10,000 a year for clerk hire, now reduced by 8½ percent. He may appoint four clerks without restriction except that the salaries are designated by law. Committee chairmen get at least one additional clerk besides messengers and janitors. They may fill all of these places without interference. Other jobs around the Capitol are divided up as patronage. One Republican Representative from a Middle Western state had his mother-in-law employed as an assistant in the ladies' reception room until the Democrats came into power and threw her out. One Senator, when formerly serving as a Representative, listed a son as his secretary and placed his son-in-law as a messenger in the House post office.

A growing number of members have been using congressional clerks as "contact men" in their home districts. Representative Hawley, recently defeated for renomination in Oregon, was criticized in the primary campaign for carrying an attorney at Salem, Oregon, on the House pay roll. It is said that contact men handle congressional business, but if they do anything it is usually directed toward reëlecting the Senator or Representative for whom they work. Often they are law partners. Some are just dummies. Others are local political heelers, and this is the member's way of contributing to his political organization—at government expense.

Similar conditions, if found in any of the executive departments, would lead to an impeachment. But Congress is a law unto itself. The Senate, without a single objection, voted itself mileage in 1930 for traveling expenses which practically no member incurred. The Senate met in special session immediately upon adjournment of the regular session of Congress. Yet, on the last day of that special three-week session, a resolution was slipped through without one word of explanation or debate and without a dissenting vote—a resolution permitting each member to go to the disbursing clerk's window and collect a total of forty cents per mile for the distance from Washington to his home. In the preceding regular session each Senator had collected similar mileage covering the round trip to Washington. This special-session mileage was pure velvet. It amounted to as much as $1,300 for Pacific Coast Senators, three or four times the actual cost of the round trip by rail.

Senators and Representatives "loan" the use of their mail-franking privilege around to political allies, old friends, propaganda organizations, lobbyists and anyone else whose request touches a sympathetic chord. This writer received a copy of an envelope bearing the franking signature of Senator Carter Glass of Virginia, mailed at Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, and containing a speech delivered by a candidate for Congress named Weaver. The speech was a tribute to the state of Oklahoma, delivered at Valley Forge, inserted in The Congressional Record by Senator Gore of Oklahoma and mailed, postage free, by permission of the distinguished Senator from Virginia. Senator Glass explained later that he "loaned" his frank to Weaver as an old friend who had served with him in the House of Representatives years ago. Weaver subsequently requested Senator Glass to give him 40,000 more of the free government franking envelopes, but Senator Glass refused. The reason was not that this would waste public money, but that some of Weaver's political opponents in Oklahoma objected and Senator Glass refused to become involved in Oklahoma politics!

The same attitude toward public money is seen in the loose expense accounts of congressional-committee junkets, when Senators and Representatives conduct themselves like millionaire sportsmen at government expense. In the Senate records will be found expense accounts of Senators charging up fishing licenses, huge amounts of mineral water, soda, guides, airplanes, valets and even fifteen-cent notebooks in which to keep the expense accounts.

All sorts of excuses are offered by members in extenuation of the pay-roll racket. One is that a member prefers to have confidential matters handled by someone in his family. The story is told of one Representative whose disloyal secretary wrote a letter which was signed by the Representative without reading. It invited a well known Negro of his district to take dinner with the Representative's family when next in Washington. This trap cost the member his seat. However, this argument loses some force because so few wives and children

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actually do office work; someone else, often a Washington stenographer, is hired to handle the correspondence during sessions of Congress and dropped during recesses to make way for a member of the family.

Congress is cynical about the whole business. It is taken for granted that members shall give one or more relatives or absentee dummies or political lieutenants at home ostensible employment out of congressional funds. The current records were kept secret until action was forced as a result of the United Press dispatches already referred to. Representative Mitchell was denied the right to inspect records of the House disbursing office. He was seeking data in support of his anti-nepotism bill. He was told it would be "unethical" to show him the congressional pay roll. This situation has been corrected in the House, but not in the Senate. More profound matters usurp attention there.

Members of Congress have been pampering themselves for years. They have found it difficult to rise to the demands of the current crisis. Throughout the country has spread the conviction that Congress is weak-kneed, lacking the high-minded statesmanship needed at this time. It is hardly high treason for a member to carry an absent father-in-law as a clerk in the House of Representatives. It is not even against the law—Congress has seen to that. Many members regard it as a small matter, too trivial to bother about.

Washington. RAYMOND CLAPPER.

Washington Notes

The Pin-stickers—Republicans in the Cabinet—Woodin and Wall Street—Party Harmony

WITH THE new administration and Roosevelt's Cabinet on the eve of taking up their jobs, the chronic critics in this section, of whom there are a great many, already have begun to cavil, croak and caw. There is, however, nothing particularly unusual about this. There is a type, especially prevalent in Washington, which becomes uncomfortable when deprived of its opportunity to stick pins into our public officials. As a general proposition I approve of pin-sticking and the pin-stickers. Without them public officials not only become insufferably smug, but intolerably arrogant. Furthermore, the pin-stickers tend to offset and nullify the efforts of the favor-currying journalists and bootlicking politicians.

The chief object of attack, of course, is the Cabinet, and it cannot be denied that its personnel offers a tempting target for several more or less disappointed classes, factions, groups and individuals. There is a natural resentment among Democrats of the completely partisan type over the presence in the Cabinet of so many Republicans. They had expected one, been prepared for two, but had not anticipated three. Low growls are heard from the "dyed in the wool" Democrats, who ask out of the corners of their mouths, "Which party won this election anyhow?" It seems to me a fairly complete reply to say that the Democratic party did not win it by a long shot. The Democratic party is the minority party and would not have gotten to first base last November without Republican votes—particularly progressive Republican votes.

Another group which is utterly unenthusiastic—to put is mildly—about the Roosevelt official family is composed of the ultra-conservative Democratic Senators and the ultra-conservative Democratic press. To them it seems pretty dreadful that Mr. Roosevelt should have ignored practically all the outstanding party leaders outside of Congress and surrounded himself with men not so conspicuous in the Democratic party as, for example, the three ex-presidential candidates or his rivals for the nomination at Chicago. There seems particular resentment among the bankers over the new Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Woodin, not merely because he has been a Republican but because he did not have the support of the New York people whom in the past so many Presidents have deemed it vital to satisfy so far as the head of the Treasury is concerned. While there is little open attack upon Mr. Woodin, for the very good reason that it is hardly discreet for financial folks to offend so powerful a person as the Secretary of the Treasury, still there has been and is a good deal of rather mean talk—and a decided effort to belittle the man.

While I hold no brief for Mr. Woodin and am frank to concede that it might easily have been possible to make a better selection, there seem to me quite a number of things that can be said on the other side. One of them, and perhaps the most important, is that this is the first time for twelve years we have had a Secretary of the Treasury—or for that matter, a President—who has not been satisfactory to Wall Street and the big international bankers. It is true that a lot of these were personally critical of and hostile to Mr. Hoover, but in the main they had no quarrel with his fiscal policies and he represented what they deemed "sound finance." Now when one considers how wickedly wrong Wall Street has been in the last few years and how great a responsibility it has for some of the worst things that have happened to us, it is a relief to have a President who did not seek primarily to please the bankers in his Treasury selection and to have a Treasury head for whom they are unenthusiastic.

Soon after his election, Mr. Roosevelt informed one of the progressive Democratic Senators to whom he is particularly close that he did not want as Secretary of the Treasury a man backed by the Wall Street interests and he preferred not to have a banker. He has been quoted as saying, "We've got to have a fight with Wall Street soon or late and it's best to have it early and get it over with." The Woodin appointment does not mean a fight with Wall Street. Woodin's views are sound enough from the Wall Street point of view. He is for balancing the budget and he is "against inflation." He is, however, distinctly not a Wall Street choice.

The Cabinet of every President is always subject for criticism and no President can possibly pick ten men out of several hundred active aspirants without creating a lot of disappointment. Upon the whole, Roosevelt's Cabinet, while certainly not thrilling or awe inspiring, has not left

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many more sore people than usual. The political disappointment is greater than the public disappointment. It is true that, while promoting harmony with the progressives in one direction, harmony has not been promoted among conservative Democrats in the other. But then, that was to be expected.

The real surprises in the Roosevelt Cabinet were the selections of Mr. Harold Ickes for the Interior and Mr. Daniel C. Roper for Commerce. So far as regular Democrats are concerned, while Mr. Ickes is a progressive Republican and Mr. Roper a Southern Democrat, the former sits better upon their political stomachs than the latter. Quite clearly the Ickes appointment is due to the influence of Senator Hiram Johnson of California, and is completely progressive. He is not thrilling to the politicians but he unquestionably is a stout-hearted personality and is a reflection of policies more than politics.

But Roper—there's a horse of a different color. The reasons for Roper are not in the least clear. He is a politician and is named by Mr. Roosevelt as a Democrat. But the distaste of the Democratic leaders here for him is intense and undisguised. Largely it is due to his bolt of the Smith ticket in 1928, when he lined up with the Hoovercrats and was most bitterly denounced. If there were outstanding qualities in Mr. Roper to offset this political record, which makes him completely abhorrent to friends of the valiant Al, his selection as head of the Department of Commerce might be better understood and, at least, might make the dose more palatable to the regulars. However, none such are claimed for Mr. Roper. So far I have heard but two explanations, both connected with Senator William G. McAdoo. One is that Roper, having been McAdoo's manager in 1924 and having remained a close political friend, the appointment is really a McAdoo selection in payment for the vital service rendered Mr. Roosevelt by Mr. McAdoo at Chicago. The other is that it is a reward to Mr. Roper because of his part in inducing McAdoo to switch to Roosevelt at that time. The combination probably accounts for it.

From the angle of merit, Miss Perkins as Labor Secretary is a distinct advance. She is a better man than any Labor Secretary we have yet had, so far superior to the last two that there is no real comparison. From the standpoint of politics, however, if there was any idea in the head of the President that putting a woman in the Cabinet would solidify the woman vote for him, he is wrong. As has been proved quite often, women are not affected in politics by recognition of an individual member of their sex.

It is true that in the past Presidents have thought it good policy to offer Cabinet posts to their rivals for the nomination. There was no real expectation that President Roosevelt would do that. One reason was that it was perfectly well known that his principal rival, Al Smith, would not have accepted—and there were other reasons. Actually there were extremely sound reasons why Smith, Baker and Owen D. Young were not available, and the partisans of those eminent gentlemen who hoped to see them in the Cabinet have no real cause for the grief they now profess. On the whole, the Cabinet is probably the best the new President could get. There is no conspicuously bad appointment in the lot, and it is an advantage not to have in the Cabinet any man whom he had to put there because of his reputation, but who might not "go along" with the presidential policies.

Everybody in this Cabinet will "go along." There will be no resignations because of differences about principles. The new President will have loyalty from his Cabinet and complete coöperation in approaching the great problems ahead of him. He might, it is true, have more ability, but then one cannot have everything one-hundred percent. That is too much to expect.

Washington. T. R. B.

Invisible and Visible

"ALIEN CORN," the new play by Mr. Sidney Howard that Miss Cornell presents at the Belasco Theatre, tells the story of a young woman, Elsa Brandt, buried in a Midwestern college and consumed with the desire to escape with her father to their Vienna. The millionaire angel of the college, Conway, falls in love with her, and she with him. She and her father live in a house of violent openness, the piano almost at the crossroads, as it were; and Elsa's thoughts and moods and music are shared by innumerable exits and entrances from her semi-paralyzed father, professors in general and so on. There is an arrangement for a series of concerts to bring in the money that will let Elsa give up her teaching in this stifling, rubbishy, healthy, tyrannical bourgeois world of such a college and go to Vienna—even New York seems later to be a fair enough recourse. The wife of the suitor is to be on the program; she has studied under Lilli Lehmann, with her husband's highly American permission and leave of absence. Gradually she wants the whole program for herself; then there is a crisis, and Elsa ends by hiring the hall and playing to thirty-nine people, and a loss of something over seventy dollars out of her savings. She is then notified of the trustee's request for her resignation, Conway being in Chicago and his wife in action. Conway returns, offers love and marriage, a professor lover shoots himself, and thus arrives the play's final moment, when the curtain falls on Elsa's renouncement of everything save her music.

The play itself, so far as the secondary characters go, these professors, et cetera, has a kind of brittle vagueness, it seems clear by the inch without being definite by the yard. There may be something of Chekhov in the method and may not. If there is, the scenes lack the flow, the current, the drama of characters in solution that Chekhov creates and counts on for his dramatic suspension. There were long speeches essentially undramatic in their progress, a curiously ineffective impression of bad narrative—Miss Cornell had to do one speech that nearly lost her the audience for a second; only her own spell and intention kept the speech possible. The individual elements of the diverse professors were, in both the writing and the directing, not subtly interrelated or turned to the whole pattern, though it was agreeable to hear Mr. E. J. Ballantine's fine voice and English again, as set against the most undistinguished rhythm of the suiciding professor that Mr. Luther Adler bespoke. The three main characters, Conway, Mrs. Conway and Elsa, came out accurately in the dramatic whole. Miss Lily Cahill, as this unloved, pampered-for-the-sake-

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of-peace-and-as-an-evasion American wife, was a case of brilliant casting; and in her assurance and chic, and the precision and generosity by which she turned herself into a foil for Miss Cornell, she did the play remarkable service. When she sang, outshining the non-millionaire musician accompanying her, you could almost see the great Lehmann teaching at her and longing to slap her face. To create thus the artist's egotism without everything else that might make an artist is no small stage problem. Mr. James Rennie did the play a service likewise by creating a man whom such a woman as Elsa could fall in love with credibly without either the familiar sex explanations to fill out and without the Babbitt-burlesque theme. You could easily believe that this was a charming personality, but one outside art, and by that very fact much easier to fall in love with than a man whose very indistinctness includes a sort of muss of art interest or pretense. Mr. Howard, in the one professor-wife of the story, has obligingly portrayed not the cat kind or the whiner or the social-service sort, but one hearty and loyal, a portrait that Miss Jessie Busley sent with sure fire over the footlights. It was interesting, too, to see how right these two women, Elsa and Mrs. Skeats, were to each other in their friendly relationship, and how thoroughly apart in any understanding; this was an excellent way to count in human good-heartedness and to underscore that none-the-less solitude of the artist stranded there.

Miss Katharine Cornell's performance of the musician defies criticism. The role is not drawn with any particular insistence on exact qualities, is free, that is, of precise exactions and thus open to wide interpretation. Dramatically there are moments in the writing that lie somewhat stillborn in the actress' hands; there are also some good climaxes for her. The play as a whole does not, really, make a marked impression: I find myself convinced of very little life or pulse. The absence of texture in the writing itself, of words and idioms and phrases that enliven and guarantee the characters, has much to do with this limpness in conveyance. The ear behind this writing does not seem ever to have noted the inflection of living speech, nor are these various human beings searched well for revelations of themselves that would be creative. Miss Cornell, or Elsa, or whoever that was, in music, in filial piety, in patience, revolt, love and despair, remains as something within a super-reality. She enters the more climactic passages of dreams, passion, desperate mischance, resolve, as if these were waiting in her mind as constant as memory, all ready to become alive. She moves the depths of these moments into the prose of the everyday and incidental passages, easily, forcing nothing, and even more pathetic. Some of it is the mere theatricality of her gift, which makes her into dramatic matter as soon as she comes on the stage. Some of it has to do with the plane; she commands from the start of the play another plane of feeling and statement. When Duse in a performance left the play behind her, there was a remaining light from her that was often devastating to it. Miss Cornell does not do that; she appears to give her light to the play itself. I should be willing to guess that often the mere acting of a tense moment in a scene is not so very difficult for her; what most comes off is almost outside acting and is half personal, and therefore more difficult to describe or convey or judge. I wish she would arrange some readings, where she would, if she chose, merely sit down in a chair and read aloud. It would help to restore security to words and would promote faith in the tension and plane that literature has by right, though all the devils have combined to deny it.

Theatre Arts Monthly, by way of one more proof of its unique position in the theatre of America and England, has injected an exhibition of stage décor into this year's Exhibition of the Architectural League of New York. The mere place within such an exhibition is a brilliant way of saying the most important fact about theatrical design today—which is that it must move on from the purely scenic and pictorial toward the theatrical-architectural, toward a combination of décor and building that will help create one single whole, one body which the life of the theatre may inhabit. The exhibition consists of costume designs, models for settings, sketches for settings, models for theatres, masks and so on. Photographs of many of these have already appeared in Theatre Arts Monthly, a number of them in the March issue.

The names represented make a good and long list. Robert Edmond Jones, Donald Oenslager, Jo Mielziner, Aline Bernstein, Norman Bel Geddes, Lee Simonson, Cleon Throckmorton, Joseph Urban, Mordecai Gorelik, Herman Rosse are among those to be naturally expected in such a showing. There is, besides familiar names, a list of designers outside New York, a fine idea, for it shows the influence and spread of the men working in this field. Arch Lauterer, for instance, from the Cleveland Playhouse, has a good model for "Overture."

Of Mr. Robert Edmond Jones' work there are four of the large marionettes from the "Oedipus," ingeniously placed in black-hung niches, effectively lighted. They seem to me, though the idea for them was good enough, only mildly successful. They are too small to be tragic in such a grand employment, and on the other hand they do not go far enough in any given direction. They could be either more exotic—in the line that the once famous marionettes of Munich took—or else more definitely Greek. Considering the sources possible to work from, the endless mask-drawings, et cetera, the lineaments of these mask forms are very vague indeed; almost any Greek or Roman mask, in stone or on some frescoed wall, ought to give the strong exaggerations that would be Greek. Mr. Jones' early design for "Pelléas and Mélisande" still holds its own, those metallic sweeping frames with the gauzes over them—one of the finest and most penetrating pieces of décor in our theatre so far. There are also some of the designs for the "Macbeth," never to be shown too often: this event was one of the great milestones in possibility that our theatre passed by. Mr. Jones shows, also, a drawing for the Radio City "Carmen," a beautiful picture though not capable of the entire splendor of the setting itself, which no picture could give. Mr. Norman Bel Geddes shows a fine model for the Ukrainian State Theatre. His sketches from his Dante Model give unfortunately but an infinitesimal idea of what this conception was—to my mind the greatest contribution in the modern theatre of the world, dramas not excluded.

Mr. Herman Rosse shows a handsome model for the Nyack Community Park project and, among several, one delightful model in glass, as if all of water, for "Bow Bells." From Miguel Covarrubias, an artist who does not

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feel compensated for the waste of time and the endless stew of working in the theatre, we have designs from the "Aztec Ballet" and one from his "Androcles and the Lion," which was the most truly witty case of first-rate stage design that I have ever seen in New York. Mr. Albert Johnson, one of the gifted newcomers on Broadway, has some fair showings, none of them an atom of what the idea is when he creates it so strikingly in stage form. Mr. Oenslager has beautiful rendering and good designs for "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme" and the "Casina," and Mr. Throckmorton likewise for "All God's Chillun Got Wings." Mr. Ted Weidhaas' varied work is full of wit and promise. To say that Mr. Woodman Thompson's designs for settings were somewhat unduly uninspired would be putting it gently. The starred contribution of Mr. Joseph Urban's was a model for "Light." It has been awarded the Architectural League's Gold Medal for Design and Craftsmanship, which is only an illustration of the distance that still lies between architectural taste and significant theatre design. In the light of some of the designs shown—Mr. Jones' "Macbeth," say, or Mr. Geddes' "Dante"—the award is absurd. The model is banal enough, piled rocks lit up, like an aquarium.

It seemed to me unfortunate that the model of a Theatre for the Dance by Natalie Hays Hammond which was accepted, whether carried out or not, for that part of the World's Fair conceded to the dance, was not to be seen. However excellent or however unsatisfactory, such a model would have been interesting as showing the choice or purposes of the Chicago plans, and therefore to be noted.

The arrangement of an exhibition of such varied material was a difficult task, admirably carried out under Mr. Urban's supervision.

Of all the models I thought the most simply successful and loveliest—as well as being charged with a kind of young tragedy and waiting—was that by Aline Bernstein for Juliet's tomb at the Civic Repertory Theatre.

STARK YOUNG.

Still, Summer Noon

The bird, the quick air, the slow gesturing tree
Weigh more than wit under the summer sun.
These in their firm, unheard activity
Govern the taken step, the fact discerned.
Toward the glassed linden leans the linden tree
And on curved leaves the floated elm leaves run.
Quietly the crowns of beech and elm are turned
Under a slow cloud's slowly breaking rim.
Over the glittering sod the air is burned.

These things are all that live, all that are caught
Out of the drifting dust against the light
Which lets the heart beat cruelly as it ought
In a world that would have image and idol first.
These simple things draw the breath quick and taut—
The wrung root of the sun making too bright
The breath's drawn air, boughs balanced and immersed,
Leaves that from tree to earth take long, slow flight,
The motionless water's swan, the swan reversed.

RAYMOND HOLDEN.

Spiritual Nudists

IN GERMANY they go naked in droves—there are now about 200,000 of them darting about in their enclosures, squatting companionably on the turf or heaving medicine-balls from stomach to stomach. The other day, a big nudist "school" in Berlin was threatened with a police raid. But the nudist rector soon put a stop to that. "If you come to arrest our 4,000 scholars," he said, "they will follow you through the streets of Berlin to jail, willingly but nude!" The police, naturally, were appalled, and the matter was dropped. The point is, of course, that although nudists are theoretically just as keen on beautiful bodies as Mr. Bernarr Macfadden and Mr. Earl Carroll are, they have to work with pretty raw material. You might think it would be the nudists who would be embarrassed, coming right out in the open like that, with everybody staring at them. Not at all. Nudists don't mind being looked at. They don't know—and by the time they get to be really hardened nudists, they don't care—what they look like.

Ten years ago, when a revivalist cult known as "Buchmanism" swept into some Eastern colleges, and was swept out of some—notably Princeton—a good many harsh words were said and written about its hysteria, its morbid preoccupation with sex, its crude sensationalism. Buchman and his lieutenants roamed about accusing prominent undergraduates of secret sins. The Buchmanite definition of sin is "anything that stands between you and God"—but "sin" usually meant just the one thing. When the victim had come clean to his accuser he made a further confession (called, in those days, "washing out") in meeting. If he was found to be good at confessing he was used at house-parties, specially arranged for fresh converts, as a decoy to lure others into the open. Once a sinner had confessed and was "changed," he went after other sinners; and thus the evangel was spread. As usual after emotional sprees, many zealous converts woke up with a foolish feeling and a shamefaced expression, and proceeded to backslide as far as possible. They still tell the story of the Rochester houseparty where several young married couples were so carried away that they told about things they soon wished they hadn't, and later, agreeing that they would never be able to look each other in the face again unless they took immediate steps, went off to Bermuda together to get over it. Buchman is supposed to have sent them an anxious telegram: "Let God be your guide"; to which their understandably flippant reply was: "God says drink."

Since those days Buchmanism has become much milder, and consequently a great deal more respectable. Reporters used to guy Frank ("Soul Surgeon") Buchman and his assistant soul surgeons as much as their editors would let them; now, when the brethren of the "Oxford Group" are mentioned in the press, it is in a grave if not altogether reverent manner. Nothing appeals so much to Americans, these days especially, as a going concern. And once a venture has survived the first outraged gasp that greets any "new" idea, it can go as far as it likes, with the blessing of the Chamber of Commerce. Naturalization, aside from red tape, is simply a question of time. The change in popular feeling about Soviet Russia, audible even among

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bank clerks, is a case in point. The canonization of Walter Lippmann is another instance. When he wrote in these pages, the general public, if it knew about him at all, dismissed him as bright but—well, unbalanced; on The New York World he was still thought pretty radical. And now look at him. If he's not Moses and we're not the Children of Israel, then where are we? By the same patents of gentility the Buchmanites have received a world safe-conduct; they can go ahead now and become the Methodists of the twentieth century.

For those still-darkened souls who have not yet heard tell of Buchmanism (now called the "Oxford Group") I can and do unhesitatingly recommend the book which has given rise to these remarks ("For Sinners Only," by A. J. Russell; Harper's). The author, an English journalist with religious leanings, began to investigate the movement, he tells us, simply with an eye to material for his paper. It looked like a very interesting sort of little whirlpool. Somehow or other he got too near the edge and was sucked in. But victims of Buchmanism never sink without a trace. This one—he doesn't admit for some time that he is a victim, but I might as well let the cat out—sends up a whole series of joyful bubbles.

One of the first things that strikes a beholder of Buchmanites is this pious effervescence. It made an early and ineradicable impression on Mr. Russell, accustomed as he was to the chill Oxford manner of official British Christianity; he comments delightedly on "the indecently radiant happiness" of the Buchmanites he met. Let no scurrilous unbeliever prick up his ears. "Indecently" is meant kindly, a mere bubbly-jocular adverb. "The words purity and impurity," says Mr. Russell, "I heard occasionally at subsequent Group meetings. Sometimes the word lust. But though I have attended hundreds of Group meetings, I do not remember hearing anything in bad taste." Those rough old pioneering days when Buchmanites gloried in washing out their dirty linen in public are apparently gone forever.

As Mr. Russell soon discovered, the technique of Buchmanism has evolved a new set of terms to describe it—almost a kind of slang, in a nice way. Every new science, say the scientists, demands a new terminology. It is hardly surprising, then, that Buchmanism should have evolved a religious argot of its own. Buchman himself, of course, has set the pace. Once when a lot of them were sitting around meditating, Buchman broke silence as follows: "Cleve needs dynamic change. Hold him lovingly to maximum experience of Christ. Opposition but great fruitage in years ahead." It was not to be expected that the rest of them could catch that exact oracular note, but the effort has certainly spread. When Mr. Russell, for instance, thinking of making a voyage of discovery to America, wired one of the Buchmanites here, asking him what were the chances of paying for the trip by writing it up, the answer came prompt and pat: "Come on a basis of faith and prayer. Check your decision with Frank." Some of Buchman's more obviously inspired *bons mots* have been appropriated by his followers, who unflaggingly pass on a good thing when they get it. Two of the happier ones: "P.R.A.Y.—Powerful Radiograms (will) Always (be) Yours"; and "Jesus Christ still suits, saves and satisfies."

Well, Mr. Russell checked his decision with Frank, got his passport and made the trip to America. He visited the Buchmanite stronghold in New York, Calvary Church, and met Calvary's helpful Rector, who reminded him, if he needed reminding, how indecently radiant they all were at bottom. "I have seen him," said the Rector (referring to God, not Buchman), "try a man's faith right up to the last minute, and then I have wanted to laugh when I saw the situation clear instantly just when most desperate. Strange indeed the effect on our risible faculties of seeing God silently at work, always providing while guiding."

Mr. Russell does not advance the Buchmanite discovery of marriage as a reason for the Buchmanites' lessening preoccupation with adolescent sexual "sin." It is perfectly true, however, that most people, even Buchmanites, do tend to grow up and get married—which rather changes the emphasis on "sin." But marriage itself has always been a knotty problem to Christianity. The Buchmanites have solved it. "Of course, the real solution of the marriage problem is the guided engagement. . . . That is the Group secret of marriage, where romance never fades." They still do bear down on sin from time to time: you mustn't get the idea that they're getting to be complete softies. But here Mr. Russell treads rather delicately; he lets us guess at the struggles behind the scenes only by a kind of messengered action. "After one of the meetings at the last Cambridge houseparty Frank burst into my room, exclaiming: 'You should have heard Loudon Hamilton's talk on Sin. Fine! Great! Never heard anything so revealing. That's what you should get for your book." But Mr. Russell is deaf, this once, to his master's voice, and to our silent entreaty; he won't take us, green troops as we are, any nearer the front. By such tantalizing hints, however, he indicates that the old stern work is still going on. The Buchmanites may be getting milder in public—on exhibition, as it were—but face to face with Sin their hackles rise and their voices sink deeper into their throats. Yes, they still have a short way with hair-splitters. Witness this impaling logic: "Sometimes we may excuse sin because it is occasional; we say, it is all right occasionally to get drunk. Then is it all right occasionally to commit a murder?"

One of the main points of the Buchmanite creed is "guidance," which can be briefly defined as minutely categorical imperatives from God. The Buchmanites believe in it, and act on it, very earnestly: a good Buchmanite, on a good day, ought to be able to get guidance on a number of different projects. Mr. Russell had apparently been asking himself embarrassing questions about all this. Finally, when he was having dinner with Buchman himself, he came right out with his difficulty. The inventor of guidance "had just taken a second helping of asparagus when I asked him to explain where common sense ended and guidance began. 'I don't pretend that every detail of my life is guided,' said Frank. 'For instance, I did not have guidance to take that asparagus. I was hungry, and like asparagus.'" Mr. Russell's doubts were now half cleared up; he had found out what guidance was not. Positive enlightenment came a little later. "During one of his gay chats over tea" Buchman explained how he had discovered the principle of the thing. The world had been so much too much with him that he decided to lie awake

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every morning from five to six, and just listen. "The only thing that came to me during the first morning hour of listening to the Living God was three words, really the same word repeated three times: the nickname of a happy-go-lucky fellow in the University—'Tutz, Tutz, Tutz.'"

The other morning I woke early and was unable to get to sleep again. It was a fine morning, very mild for January. I remembered Buchman's great discovery. I thought I would try it myself.

At first nothing whatever happened. But I was patient, and soon I was rewarded. For suddenly there came into my mind three words, really the same word repeated three times: "Tut, tut, tut." T. S. MATTHEWS.

CORRESPONDENCE

Fodder for the Bulls

SIR: The article of Owen D. Young, appearing in The New Republic of February 8, deserves some comment. In attributing the upward surge of prices on the Exchange to the frenzy of the public, Mr. Young sidesteps the real point of the figures contained in Mr. Flynn's article. The salient fact emphasized by these figures is that the demand for the stock was artificially created, and that most of the activity, at least in the early stages, was pool purchases and sales.

Mr. Young's article contains one tidbit so delicious that I think special attention ought to be drawn to it. Mr. Young implies that the directors of the Radio Corporation, *appalled* by the spectacle of the rise of the shares of this non-dividend-paying stock to heights undreamed of, wracked their brains to devise means of counteracting the popular speculative urge.

The supply of Radio stock, Mr. Young opines, was small, due to the control of large holdings by Westinghouse and General Electric. Under the circumstances, the brilliant remedy of a split-up to *discourage speculation* was hit upon and carried through.

What a naïve story, seriously put forth by the Chairman of the Board of one of our great corporations in this year of grace 1933! Surely, Mr. Young knows now, and knew then, and surely the public knows that in the piping period of 1928 a stock split-up was bullish tinder of the most inflammable kind to feed the speculative flames. Surely, he knew the effect of previous stock split-ups in General Motors, in American Can, in Westinghouse, in General Electric. . . . Was that, incidentally, the reason for the General Electric split-up?

Unfortunately, the explanation will not hold water. The stock split-up was not designed to counteract the speculative fever. It was designed to further the hysteria, and if Mr. Young intimates the contrary, then he and his associates evidence an unfamiliarity with the history of the speculative period that will not be credited.

B. F. WINKELMAN.

Philadelphia, Pa.

The Natural Resources of Soviet Russia

SIR: It is difficult to let go unchallenged Mr. Joseph Freeman's latest improvisation in your columns [The New Republic of November 16] that "perhaps Mr. Levine's most startling misrepresentation" was to cite in his rejoinder only part of Professor Archangelsky's quotation. Before me is a letter from the editor of The New Republic specifically advising me to abbreviate my reply and not to "quote in detail the Soviet authorities mentioned in your book, as long as you can say in your letter that they exist," on the legitimate and proper ground of lack of space. It was painful to discover that The New Republic has ample space for Mr. Freeman's unwarranted statements.

Rather than "except the Urals," as Mr. Freeman but too well knows, my "Red Smoke" starts off with a statement of Stalin's on the Urals more comprehensive in character than Professor Archangelsky could ever have made and proceeds to answer it with numerous passages from authorities. As regards the Kursk iron-ore deposits in central Russia, to which Mr. Freeman alludes once more and which he estimated in his original review as probably exceeding 210 billion tons, there is the recent statement of Academician Fersman, quoted by The Soviet Union Review of September-October, 1932, in which he speaks "of the as yet unestimated stores in the Kursk Magnetic Anomaly."

If I had the space to deal with Mr. Freeman's numerous misstatements, I could show at length that I relied on a work by Bogdanovitch entitled "Iron," published not in 1911, but by the Soviet Academy after the Revolution; that my figures for the Magnetic Mountain deposits are tenable and based on many competent surveys conducted at a time when geologists worked without political commissars; that my statement "Russia will be forced to import coal from abroad during the operation of the next Five Year Plan" has been remarkably substantiated in The New York Times of November 13, which carried news of the Soviet acquisition of coal mines in Spitzbergen for the importation of large quantities of fuel into Russia; that the "authoritative summaries" of the Five Year Plan available in English failed to bring out the vital relationship of Russia's economic geography to the Plan; that the Five Year Plan is largely based on the same "antiquated" data which Professor Tukholka cites, for the Plan was first prepared in 1926.

The issue of general interest, however, is not one of veracity between Mr. Freeman and the writer, but one which concerns Russia's economic geography. I maintain that your reviewer failed completely to convey to your readers the thesis of "Red Smoke." He elected to ignore entirely the major question of territorial distribution of Russia's natural resources. Because the subject is of great moment and the present controversy of widespread interest, I beg leave to quote the following crucial and truly illuminating passages from my book:

> The possibility of further discoveries of mineral wealth in Russia is strong indeed. Yet it is impossible to plan a concrete program of development except on a basis of actual, known resources. . . . The Five Year Plan, as executed by Stalin, is predicated not only upon probable and possible reserves but also upon unknown and unpredictable quantities. . . .
>
> The potential wealth of Russia cannot be properly measured except by applying to it the standard of transportation. . . . Were the natural resources of Russia to be concentrated in a territory the size of Germany or France, bordering on several seas, she would be a legitimate contender for a leading position among the western European industrial states, but never a contender for the leadership gained by America. . . .
>
> Fundamentally Russia's poverty springs from the poverty of her soil and mineral wealth, from the climatic conditions of the country, from her geographical location and inland character, from her segregation from the commercial highways of the world, from the vast distances lying between her interior and the few harbors she possesses, and from the huge and fruitless and uninhabitable area she covers.

ISAAC DON LEVINE.

New York City.

Chain Gangs

SIR: The recent editorial in The New Republic on the Robert E. Burns case was an appropriate criticism of that part of the "public" which fails to see the chain gang in general as a social evil, but only the particular gangs in Georgia which acted as host to Burns. But it seems to me that Burns is partially responsible for this attitude. He and some of his warmest defenders laid too much stress upon his record as editor of a Chicago-boosting paper and his success—which is a doubtful recom-

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mendation—at money-making. Thus they proved that Burns is far too good a man to be on a chain gang. The implication is that it would be all right for some unknown white or black worker to be there.

The editorial was good also in pointing out that many workers and tenant farmers are serving time on chain gangs without having committed any crime at all except being in poverty. But I question the expression that the chain gangs are "a survival of barbarism." In its present form the chain-gang system started soon after the Civil War, in 1866. It was begun, incidentally, with the conscious purpose of obtaining a plentiful and cheap labor supply. Wouldn't it be more correct to say that the chain gang is not a survival of anything, but that it is a part of capitalism?

New Milford, Conn. WALTER WILSON.

A Correction by Mr. Chamberlin

SIR: Through a slip of the pen, I omitted to mention an important qualification in the table of Russian production which appears in my article "Russia Between Two Plans" (The New Republic, February 15). I should have said that the figures for 1932 were for the first ten months of the year only. The table as published suggested that there had been retrogression in many leading industries, by comparison with 1931. As a matter of fact, the final revised figures for 1932 indicated a net gain of 8.5 percent for the whole volume of industrial output, by comparison with 1931. This was, however, very much smaller than the gain of 36 percent which the year's plan had demanded.

New York City. WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN.

Unsocial Medicine

SIR: We congratulate you on your sound and courageous attitude in your recent editorial on health. That the reactionaries of the American Medical Association should be against the majority report of the Committee on the Cost of Medical Care—in itself a conservative group—is not at all surprising.

The medical profession is so organized in its teachings and practice that it perpetuates a system of medicine whereby it is impossible for the masses of the people to obtain proper medical care. This hardly needs discussion.

For the majority report to have been less radical, or I should say more conservative, would have been more than a waste of their time and money, a hypocrisy and a laughing stock to those who know anything at all about medical care.

The A.M.A. may well call the report revolutionary, for nothing short of drastic changes in the medical scheme of affairs will ever benefit the masses of the people.

Chicago, Ill. A. I. LOVE, M.D.

Technocracy Carries On

SIR: Your own advertisement in the issue of February 8 asks:

> But where is the Economy League that talks of wasted skill and idle machines—of shoes not made by men who can make them—of machines not run by men who can run them? Where is the Society of Patriots that fights the loss of billions in goods that the unemployed would make, if they could? Who attacks that monstrous waste measurable by multiplying the number of jobless by three years of lost production?

Here is the group you seek, under the name of the Continental Committee on Technocracy.

This Committee, formed spontaneously in December to bring order and clarity to the issues technocracy raised, is now carrying on. We are seeking for members throughout the continent and will welcome any inquiry about our work.

The word "technocracy" has a definite meaning to the American people, that of a realistic and scientific approach to our present problems. We believe the public, which to date has given this whole matter an acutely attentive ear, wants to know just what useful element there is in it. We propose to distill out this element and submit it to the public for whatever use it justifies.

Above and beyond filing another of the learned reports which have decorated the past century of American history, the Committee will strive to relate the findings and implications of technocracy to the practical world we live and work in. It is, of course, a non-profit-making organization.

R. W. RIIS,
Continental Committee on Technocracy.

New York City.

Curing Depression with Debt

SIR: I note that in a recent issue of The New Republic Mr. F. H. Foote takes your paper to task for not being entirely "freed from the banker ideology which regards inflation as inherently vicious." Your response to this criticism would seem to support the point of view of Mr. Foote.

You say "The New Republic has many times advocated an attempt to increase prices by expansion of credit, and specifically the use of government borrowing and expenditure as a means of doing so." If this is not "banker ideology," what is it?

"Banker ideology" can, it seems to me, be summed up in one phrase, a small volume of money and a large volume of credits. Credits are loans and loans bear interest. Is it logical to presume that a nation staggering under the interest charge of today can be relieved by adding to that stupendous charge?

On page 111 of the same issue you refer to your editorial on "World Debts and Domestic Deflation" and state that "the case for scaling down domestic debts is as valid as that for reducing the foreign obligations." Can this be done by expanding credits, *i.e.*, creating more debts? You quote Walter Lippmann on the difficulties of Congress in scaling down the foreign debt without reducing the internal debt as well, and you add "The legal difficulties in the way of reducing the domestic debts are admittedly great; what is the alternative?"

Has it ever occurred to you that the Constitution gives Congress the "alternative" when it provides that "Congress shall have the power to coin money and regulate the value thereof." Of course, any attempt by Congress to apply this provision of the Constitution would run foul of some more "banker ideology" fiat money. That old bogey would be pulled out of the vaults of every bank in the country and rattled in the face of every saving depositor and life-insurance holder.

Every kept newspaper would loose tons of editorial matter to prove that the government could not legislate value into paper, but I venture the assertion that none of them will attempt to name a single bit of current money in any country on earth that is not "fiat money." I challenged a banker to name any such money and of course he named gold.

If the fiat of government is not responsible for the present value of gold will you kindly inform a waiting world what is responsible?

Palm City, Calif. W. L. MOORE.

The Nine Scottsboro Boys

SIR: This is a cry for help from the death cells of Kilby Prison, Montgomery, Alabama, where eight young Negro boys, charged with rape, punishable by death, are awaiting a new trial.

This new trial, which begins March 6, must be prepared with vigilant care. All witnesses must be investigated; every vestige of evidence must be tracked down; documentary material must be gathered.

The defense is straining every nerve to get the boys out of the death cells—to obtain their release on bail. Our attorneys are compelled to struggle for even the most elementary constitutional rights. The defense has gained signal victories, but now it is endangered by lack of funds.

Surely you will answer this call! Please send your contributions—the utmost that you can—to the International Labor Defense, Room 430, 80 East Eleventh Street, New York City.

BELLE TAUB, Secretary,
Scottsboro New Trial Emergency Fund.

New York City.

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Jane Austen's Letters

Jane Austen's Letters to Her Sister Cassandra and Others, collected and edited by R. W. Chapman. New York: Oxford University Press. 2 vols. 744 pages. $12.50.

THIRTY or forty years ago my sisters and I gave about a week to drawing up an examination paper in Jane Austen's novels. We did our best to make it a stiff one. Some of the questions we were proudest of were names of very minor characters, preceded by a "What do you know about," and names of obscurer persons mentioned but not appearing. Without warning we sprang the paper upon our Aunt Susan. She did a shade better than we expected. Asked what she knew about Lady Alicia and Mrs. Frankland, she replied that Lady Russell mentions them to Anne, when driving down Milsom Street in Bath, and that their only recorded interest was in drawing-room window curtains. Milsom Street, my aunt said: she should have said Pulteney Street. This was the only mistake her examiners could find. But we were wrong. A few months later, I suppose the next time she read "Persuasion," my aunt herself detected one other. Lady Russell's is the only mention of Mrs. Frankland, but later in the story Elizabeth Elliot says: "We do not profess to give dinners—few people in Bath do—Lady Alicia never does."

Ever since 1925, when Mr. Chapman's edition of Jane Austen's novels was republished in an inexpensive form—ten dollars for the five volumes—it has been possible for anybody to improvise what my sisters and I accomplished by dint of our pooled memories and much research, not without being a good deal pleased with ourselves. This is my only quarrel with Mr. Chapman—that with his help anyone can set without effort the stiffest sort of paper in Jane Austen. The examiner has only to read Mr. Chapman's indexes of the characters, an index at the end of each novel. After careful and repeated inspection, after what amounts in all to a lot of work, I have unearthed just three oversights—the omission of Baddeley or Baddely, Sir Thomas Bertram's butler, and of two other servants at Mansfield Park. "You know how steady Stephen is," Mrs. Norris says she said to Coachman, "and Charles has been upon the leaders so often now, that I am sure there is no fear."

No one, I feel certain, ever had a better editor than Mr. Chapman. His edition of Miss Austen's letters, published a few weeks ago, is as perfect as his edition of her novels. His is what Mrs. Woolf has called "the scholar's inspired accuracy." His scholarship is not only unrivaled, but friendly, hospitable, easy, amused. He brings it to us in light hands. He has done his exacting work with delight, as if it were a game. The publishers of these two beautifully made books remind us that the original edition, Lord Brabourne's in 1884, "gave only a part of the extant letters," and that the charming and skillful "Life," by W. and R. A. Austen-Leigh, 1913, "quotes from almost all the letters, but does not give the full texts," and that both these books are out of print. "Nearly 150 letters have survived, and of many of these Mr. Chapman has been able to give fuller and more accurate texts," with explanatory "notes at the end of each volume and very full indexes identifying the many hundreds of persons who are mentioned." Such are the publishers' sound reasons for believing that "the complete enjoyment of Jane Austen's letters is thus for the first time made possible."

This opinion is an understatement. It needs to be insisted on and amplified and rubbed in and illustrated. Every proper reader of the letters finds on every page of them something or somebody he would like to know more about, and unless our first reading was in Lord Brabourne's edition we cannot appreciate the extent of our debt to Mr. Chapman. On page 186, for example, of Lord Brabourne's first volume, Jane writes to her sister Cassandra: "I am full of joy at much of your information; that you should have been to a ball, and have danced at it, and supped with the Prince, and that you should meditate the purchase of a new muslin gown, are delightful circumstances." To discover who this Prince was we must turn back to page 149, read over the four and a half pages of preface to the letters of 1798 and 1799, and then learn no more than this: "Most of the people to whom Jane Austen alludes will be identified by reference to the introductory chapters of this book." This is the kind of thing I keep wanting to know, and whenever it is knowable Mr. Chapman tells me. His note says: "The Prince was clearly Prince William of Gloucester." As for the indexes, they are beyond praise. They enable us to find our way in and out of the many branches of the Austen family with an ease I should have thought unattainable without hard labor. I still remember what an effort it cost me to piece the necessary information together out of Lord Brabourne's pleasant, rambling introductory chapters. Miss Austen had more relations and friends and acquaintances than all her heroines plus all her heroes. So long as we are not at home among them our enjoyment of the letters is incomplete. With Mr. Chapman as a guide we move freely about this unexpectedly populous world.

Even for their own day the Austens were a reticent family. Jane Austen would not have liked to see her letters in print. Were she now to revisit Sussex and Bath and London and Kent, she would wish that all of her letters had gone into Cassandra's fire. Yet I cannot help wondering whether she might not be "excessively diverted" by the dispute over her merits and shortcomings as a letter-writer. If not by the dispute itself, perhaps by the heat of the disputants who took sides soon after Lord Brabourne's edition came out. Now, as revealed by the publication of Mr. Chapman's two volumes, the disputants are cooler. But the disparaging 1884 adjectives are still in use—thin, trifling, hard, unfeeling, cold. And the praising adjectives have varied as little—kind, playful, unstudied, affectionate, witty, neat. The truth is not, I think, between these two extremes: the extremes are the truth.

A curious thing, however, is that if we take playfulness as Miss Austen's norm—the kind of playfulness born and bred in a family where saying what you do not mean is a natural and accepted way of making your meaning immediately clear—then the distance she travels from this norm is usually short in her letters. Her neatness of phrase is also an emotional neatness, not often disarranged. From this neatness to this want of feeling the journey is never very far. Nor is it far from playfulness to affectionate gratitude. We cannot read her letters without remembering how dextrous she was at jackstraws, how certain at cup-and-ball. She was evidently an enchanting companion, who kept her genius out of her letters as unconsciously as she put it into her novels. Her genius was her inexhaustible power of inventing characters who always talk in character and yet never seem unreal. She explored our egotism and our self-deception as thoroughly as a sense of the comic can explore them by itself. But she never thought of herself as an explorer. That was Mrs. Elton's habit, not Miss Austen's.

PHILIP LITTELL.

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Four Novelists of Tomorrow

Gas-House McGinty, by James T. Farrell. New York: The Vanguard Press. $2.50.

Union Square, by Albert Halper. New York: The Viking Press. $2.50.

The New Bridge, by Meyer Levin. New York: Covici-Friede. $2.

South Moon Under, by Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.

THESE four novels are by young writers, and in their various ways they indicate something of the impact the crisis has made on the imaginations of their authors. What a deep difference there is between them and the moon-calf, the beautiful and damned novels of the period after the War! Instead of the elaboration of sexual difficulties, there are acute problems of livelihood; instead of long descriptions of drunken literary parties, there are descriptions of killings, riots and evictions. But description is still the proper word. For the most part these authors simply picture events, rather than looking into their causes.

"Gas-House McGinty" is a picture of the Wagon Call Department of the Continental Express Company, with all attention concentrated on the immediate details of the scene. There is scarcely a story in the accepted meaning of the term; there are sharp flashes of the wagon dispatchers at work, of the teamsters on their routes, of the continual cruel horseplay and the endless workings of office intrigue, spaced between sketches of the characters at home or on the streets. The technique is not new, but it has seldom been controlled with so much assurance. Ambrose McGinty is a naturalized Leopold Bloom, intimidated by his wife and preyed upon by the practical jokers in his department, fluctuating between visions of grandeur and the memory of his countless humiliations. He even experiences a Joycean nightmare in which he assumes a more fantastic and heroic role. The characters are curiously alike: young O'Neill, who appeared offstage in Farrell's first novel, "Young Lonigan," dreams of becoming a famous ball-player while he works at the switchboard; the desires of the others range from girls to the winning of the baseball pool. As a picture of the day-by-day routine of a great distributing organization, "Gas-House McGinty" is fresh and authentic, and McGinty himself, as a representative of the Catholic, urban lower-middle class, is drawn with a clinical accuracy. Farrell has a developed faculty for isolating the more picturesque items in the speech of his characters; he is sensitive to the finer points of their prejudices. But the episodes of the novel continually break off into unrelated fragments of adventures, perhaps because the device of confining the action to the express company is in itself arbitrary and mechanical. There is no effective contrast to deepen the meaning of such happenings as McGinty's final removal from power.

Both Albert Halper and Meyer Levin attempt to broaden the scene and picture more varied types. The characters of "Union Square" range from an artist who is also a Communist to a poet who writes sex stories, from a business man to a crazy printer. Again the action is confined to a particular locality, with the characters shuffling sightlessly past one another, unaware of their interrelationship, unaware, for the most part, of anything but sensuous impressions of their environment. The little artist and ardent and inarticulate Communist is in love with a girl who is living with a Mexican; the poet is dead to the world, drinking and taking dope until a kindly nurse sets out to restore him; Boardman, the business man, carrying on a moody love affair, is saturating himself with sentimentality about his daughter. Again there is only the barest suggestion of a formal sequence of events. The characters merely go their various ways to violent ends. Hank Austin, the worker, is premanently crippled as the result of a riot in which he has taken no part; Boardman stays in a burning house after discovering that his mistress is betraying him; at the same time the barber commits suicide by slashing his wrists. There is no form underlying the confusion: the catastrophes are the results of accidents and coincidences; everything moves in a circle. The novel begins with an ineffectual demonstration and ends with another equally ineffectual, turned into a riot by the same device. There is no development in the characters, and the situation ends as it began, except that some lives have been blotted out. The conclusion is a commonplace: "In this world things move on apace. Life must go on."

The characters of "The New Bridge" have more direction: they are searching for the cause of the crisis. The story is confined in time to a single day, and in subject to the eviction of the Joracek family from an apartment Joracek himself helped to construct. It is written in a simple prose, without the verbal, Joycean tricks that Farrell employs, and without the commonplace moralizing of "Union Square." Reluctantly, with confused and terrified emotions, the tenants prepare to resist the eviction. In the struggle, a boy is killed. At this point the novel suddenly lifts with real imaginative strength: the police and marshals are captured and tried by the tenants in an attempt to fix responsibility for the killing. It is finally placed on Simon Marks, the owner of the building, who is himself bankrupt. Thereafter the story sinks to a disappointing conclusion, fantastically dependent on a series of chance encounters as Joracek finally prevents Marks from killing himself. But the nightmare subway ride of Joe Joracek as he starts out to locate the cause of the misery, a subway ride in which the cripples and beggars come lurching through the train, leaving pencils and packages of gum on the knee of each impassive, unresponsive passenger—this part of the novel comes very close to expressing the horror of the present in the way that some of Hemingway's brief stories express something of the horror of the War. It seems to me to be a major literary disappointment that Meyer Levin stopped the search with the discovery of one befuddled real-estate promoter: surely this is a theme that offers as much as that of Don Quixote.

"South Moon Under" is laid in a country far removed from the violences of the depression, the Florida scrub. It is a slow, old-fashioned novel, carefully and sometimes beautifully written, beginning with the coming of the Lantrys to the wilderness and ending with the flight of the last generation to wilderness still deeper. There is a great deal of factual information packed away unobtrusively in the novel, information on such unfamiliar subjects as the making of corn liquor, or the ways of hunting wildcats, or the methods of rafting logs down the river. The few more ordinary complications that appear—trouble with the law, a sketchy love affair—serve chiefly as ways of getting Lant Jacklin back into the woods, where his experiences are much more interesting and much less the routine stuff of fiction. And if the characters are sometimes a little misty, and seem mere passive agents for observing the multiple details of wild life, they at least always observe clearly.

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The very bends of the river take on a kind of individuality, since their identifying characteristics are so acutely seen and recognized.

"South Moon Under" is in many respects the most fully developed of these four novels. The form is coherent and pleasing; the prose is richer than that of the other works. The idiomatic speech of the characters has something of that pastoral imagery which is associated with the writing of Elizabeth Madox Roberts. But the novel is laid in a remote country, where there are no riots, dismissals or evictions to disturb the characters or the author; the physical characteristics of the scene can be evoked with a tender, nostalgic serenity precisely because they do not outrage the senses. "South Moon Under" reveals a more consistent artistry, but it is to a great extent because Mrs. Rawlings has chosen an easier task. ROBERT CANTWELL.

Study of a Dictator

Porfirio Díaz, by Carleton Beals. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott and Company. 463 pages. $5.

IN MAKING this study of Mexico's dictator, Mr. Beals has employed the instincts of an artist and a deep knowledge of the history and institutions of the Mexican people. Although he has obviously attempted to write a "popular" biography, he has succeeded also in giving a valuable picture of Díaz himself and of the whole period in which he lived. If the book falls somewhere short of greatness, this is partly explained by the faults of the man with whom it deals and by the absolute lack, in Díaz, of that inner life which is usually the foundation of a satisfying portrait. As the author explains in a burst of eloquence, "One can admire Díaz as one admires a large granite column; but one cannot be at home with him spiritually or intellectually, for he had no love for moral problems, no love for ideals, no essential poetry."

Yet it is hard to admire Porfirio Díaz even as "a large granite column." A simple, stodgy, cunning man, a military adventurer who had the good fortune to live when Mexico was entering the industrial revolution, he maintained himself in power partly by murder and deceit, partly by advancing the interests of foreign capitalists who wished to exploit the country. During the French invasion he showed real qualities of valor and devotion, but his career after 1867 has few redeeming episodes. By means of two revolutions which cost Mexico more blood than the foreign intervention he had resisted, Díaz established himself as President. He technically kept his promise to hold office for only one term; but after giving way to General González, he engaged in intrigues of unspeakable meanness, the object of which was to undermine the position of his successor. In 1885 he again became President, a position which he held until 1911.

Although during this period the President nominally recognized the Constitution of 1857, actually he governed as an Oriental despot. Newspapers which refused to take subsidies were suppressed; a servile judiciary protected every shady deal in which the President was interested; the national parliament was packed with placemen, mostly from Díaz's state of Oaxaca; political prisoners were the victims of the *Ley de Fuga*. In order to erect a counterpoise against jealous feudal lords, Díaz created a middle class, largely from the *mestizos;* he did this by putting about 80 percent of the literate persons in the country upon the government pay roll. On the other hand, he dispossessed 13,000,000 Mexicans of their land, for the benefit of a few favorites; for example, seventeen persons were given 150,000 square miles, one-fifth of Mexico's whole area. Finally Díaz introduced a system of debt slavery which was probably more cruel and debasing than the system of slavery in the United States before the Civil War. "In the Yucatan henequen industry, peons often worked with chains on their legs, were flogged for demanding an accounting of their nominal wages, flogged for insolence, sullenness, insubordination, for failing to kiss their masters' hands. . . ."

At the height of his infamies Porfirio Díaz received the acclaim of the leading figures of the world—Cecil Rhodes, Andrew Carnegie, the Kaiser, Theodore Roosevelt. Elihu Root, upon visiting Mexico in 1907, gave Díaz what Mr. Beals calls "the most sickening personal eulogy on record." Mr. Root declared that as an "American who loves justice and liberty and hopes to see their reign among mankind progress and strengthen and become perpetual, I look to Porfirio Díaz, the president of Mexico, as one of the great men to be held up for the hero-worship of mankind." A few years later, the accumulated grievances of an outraged people drove him from power, leaving behind him little more than a path of blood—little else than scars which the Revolution has not yet erased. Díaz is not the only example to show that the history of dictatorship sooner or later becomes a record of degeneration.

RAYMOND LESLIE BUELL.

Saint Joan

The Trial of Jeanne D'Arc, translated by W. P. Barrett, with further material by Pierre Champion, translated by Coley Taylor and Ruth H. Kerr. New York: Gotham House. 557 pages, illustrated. $4.

OF JEANNE D'ARC, Anatole France had this to say: "Shall we ever discern her true features? Behold her from the first and perhaps forever enclosed in a flowering thicket of legends!" But to this we may oppose the words of Marius Sepet in his introduction to Marty's beautiful reproductions of documents and works of art relating to her: "The word legend, too often pronounced in the case of Jeanne with incredulous obstinacy or *banale étourderie,* is the falsest of notes when it concerns her. Jeanne lived and died in the full light of history, gathered and preserved for us in the most authentic documents."

Two documents especially come into consideration: the Process of Condemnation and the Process of Rehabilitation. In the first we have Jeanne's own words in answer to the accusations made against her. This is the trial which resulted in a verdict of guilty of relapse and automatically involved the punishment of burning at the stake. In the second we have the depositions of some hundred people who were eye-witnesses of Jeanne's career from beginning to end. This Process of Rehabilitation resulted in the vindication of Jeanne by a higher court, she being then dead about twenty years.

The present volume contains a very fine translation of the first of these documents. It has been published several times in Latin and French. Richer in 1631 copied out most of it, but died before he could have it printed. His manuscript was pilfered by Lenglet Dufresnoy to compile his famous "Histoire de Jeanne d'Arc." The trial can be found almost complete in l'Averdy's "Notices et Extraits" (1790). But it was in 1841-49 that the first worthy edition appeared (in Latin) in Quicherat's monumental collection of all the documents pertaining to Jeanne. Since then there

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have been a dozen or more editions, mostly in French translation. By common consent the finest is the one by Pierre Champion, in two volumes, giving the Latin text and a French translation, copiously annotated and provided with informative introductory material (1920-21). Nothing, it seems to the present reviewer, could have been simpler than to have published an English translation of the second volume of Champion's edition.

In this volume we find only a slice of Champion's material, namely his notes on the people concerned, served up here as *dramatis personae*. What, one wonders, is the reader supposed to do with over two hundred characters, whose description covers nearly a hundred pages, neither arranged in alphabetical order nor provided with an index? And what has become of all the other notes in Champion's edition, notes on places and incidents without which the document cannot be fully understood?

Considering that Mr. W. P. Barrett has gone to immense pains in giving us the first complete translation of the Process of Condemnation, these shortcomings of the book are especially to be regretted. A partial translation of the document was already available: "Jeanne d'Arc, Original Documents in English," edited by T. Murray (London, 1902). In some ways this earlier book is still the better, for although Murray telescoped the material and made some ridiculous omissions of off-color passages, he included the important Process of Rehabilitation—large fragments of it, at least—and these two trials must be studied together.

The trial of Jeanne deserves a place on the bookshelf beside the trial of Sacco and Vanzetti: together they show the differences between modern and medieval judicial iniquity. *Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose.*

GUY ENDORE.

The More Modern Temper

Experience and Art: Some Aspects of the Esthetics of Literature, by Joseph Wood Krutch. New York: Harrison Smith and Robert Haas. 222 pages. $2.50.

MAN, SAYS Joseph Wood Krutch in his latest book, does not find the world of nature compatible, since it does not radiate from him as its center, and is indifferent to his desires, his necessities and his pride. Relative to his particular need for order and stability it is chaotic and uncertain. The realm of art, which, by his definition, includes philosophy, science, religion, law—all the elements of what we call civilization—is man's construction within the unheeding, if not actually hostile, realm of nature, of a domain in which he can be secure, lordly and comfortable.

In this domain literature has the function of interpreting and directing human experience. The writer, sensitized to changes in the conditions of human existence and to the evolution of new sensibilities, expresses them so promptly and aptly as to keep man constantly at home within his changing world. The writer may anticipate new developments and be "ahead of his time," and suffer neglect until society catches up with him. Or he may, like Byron in his day and Hemingway in ours, so well express a fully developed but as yet inarticulate new social awareness, as to be welcomed with the gratitude men always feel to those who supply a word for what had seemed inexpressible.

Thus, literature serves men in ways not ordinarily appreciated. It is perhaps, next to experience itself, man's most present teacher, and next, perhaps, to his own physical desires and needs, his greatest instigator to ambition and adventure. It further builds up a structure of associations which humanize places and institutions. The Hudson River, for example, may be as beautiful as the River Rhine, but the mental landscapes through which it flows are bare of those landmarks of association which add special and endearing beauties to the latter.

With regard to the literary process itself, Mr. Krutch demonstrates that the writer works with material familiar to, or at least assimilable to, the minds of his audience. The technique is alternately to arouse expectation and to fulfill it. Analyses of great works of literature show this process distinctly.

To make these matters clear as Mr. Krutch does is an achievement. There have been many aphorisms and much rhetoric to assert the important place of literature in life. Mr. Krutch locates the place and coincidentally demonstrates its importance. Previous criticism conceived literature too exclusively in terms of its forms. Here, paralleling the suggestions in Kenneth Burke's brilliant and valuable book, "Counter Statement," Mr. Krutch describes literature in terms of its function—communication between the writer and his audience.

But there are flaws in his logic which may render the best parts of his work suspect. He is not consistent in his description of the world of nature and the world of art; now it is Nature that is chaotic and confused while the world of art is stable; now it is the other way round. The division between the two worlds is not in other minds as decisive or as unaltering as Mr. Krutch conceives it to be. He believes that Nature is unknowable, and therefore forever alien to man who, to comfort himself, creates a world completely knowable; but if the world of nature is unknowable we cannot know that it is unknowable. Mr. Krutch's position leads him ultimately into a sterile solipsism.

The style Mr. Krutch has chosen to use—and its characteristics suggest deliberation—will win him credit for a peaceable nature, but it drains his book of force. The writing is subdued to a studied reasonableness. It is soft-voiced and unemphatic, and produces little that stays, in the actual words, in the reader's memory.

"The Modern Temper" having been so influential, readers will wish to know whether in the present book Mr. Krutch advances or retreats from the position taken there. He retreats—but to a stronger position. His skepticism is firmer and quieter, forgoing prophecy and the gestures of stoicism. If in his new book his thinking is less adventurous, it has become statelier and more assured, and the writing is more compact. From the standpoint of form, both in the thinking and in its expression, "Experience and Art" is an advance over "The Modern Temper."

Of the highest interest in a comparison of the two books is Mr. Krutch's abandonment of the theory that great literature is impossible in modern times. In "The Modern Temper" he displayed a world in which men were being stripped of their dignity and the institutions of organized human life of their values. Both man and his life were becoming unfit for literature. Mr. Krutch now declares that "whatever man is capable of believing in is potential material for literature." Will modern man find something to believe in? Mr. Krutch describes the ecstasy of the crowds which carry aviators from landing fields. He compares them to the crowds which carried Cimabue's painting of the Virgin in triumphant veneration through the streets of Florence. The implications are plain. Instead of there being a loss of faith in mechanical progress—one of the strongest points in his brief for pessimism—there is an intensification of this faith which seems to be capable of elevations into ecstasy.

ISIDOR SCHNEIDER.

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Book Notes

Books of Reference

THE OXFORD COMPANION TO ENGLISH LITERATURE, by Sir Paul Harvey. *New York: Oxford University Press. 874 pages. $4.50.*

This book, essentially, is a dictionary of the proper names which occur frequently in English literature, with notes to identify or explain them. Such names include those of authors living and dead, books and plays, their principal characters, popular heroes, towns, battles, persons and places of legend and mythology—in short, they involve a wealth of information usually scattered through histories, biographies and gazetteers, but here presented briefly from the standpoint of its connection with English literature. The items about dead authors are for the most part condensed from "The Dictionary of National Biography." A few living writers have been included, American as well as English, but this "Companion" is not intended to supply the information found in a current "Who's Who." Published as a literary reference book, it will be of service to editors, teachers and librarians —indeed, to writers and readers in general.

Public Questions

THE ELEVENTH COMMANDMENT, by Francis Neilson. *New York: The Viking Press. 283 pages. $2.50.*

Mr. Neilson's ardently written book is essentially a plea for the single-tax. Taking as his text the old commandment to the Jews, "Thou shalt not remove thy neighbor's landmark," the author attempts to prove that the Jews doomed themselves as a race and a nation because of their refusal to obey that command, their refusal to abjure covetousness, greed and selfishness; and he easily concludes that the failure of all civilizations before and after Jesus is the result of the same disposition to accumulate land, which is the rightful property not of man, but of God, because God created land: nothing belongs to man, or should belong to him, except that which he has produced. Mr. Neilson is not a Communist and he thinks that a redistribution of land is hardly likely or practicable now; he believes, however, that the single-tax on land will cure much of the world's malaise, and he is wise enough not to predict any positive utopia to follow the adoption of the theory he advocates.

HOLD YOUR TONGUE! by Morris L. Ernst and Alexander Lindey. *New York: William Morrow and Company. 357 pages. $2.50.*

In spite of its flippant tone and the inconclusive nature of some of the evidence, this is a pretty good handbook of what libel and slander are, were and are likely to be. The historical data on libel are sketchy. The modern ramifications brought about by the all-powerful press and the very new radio come in for a thorough discussion. Naturally, in this account the law's machinery is taken down and examined with particular attention to the tyrannical possibilities of so-called criminal libel. For this emphasis alone, the book was worth writing and is worth reading.

World Politics

THE CAULDRON BOILS, by Emil Lengyel. *New York: The Dial Press. 246 pages. $2.50.*

Mr. Lengyel's book on the relations between the Polish state and its oppressed national minorities is on the whole neither penetrating in analysis nor rich in scholarship. It is to be valued for its bits of fresh news from an observant journalist on a subject of great importance for Central European and world politics. The report of conditions in Jewish quarters, for example, goes far toward explaining such incidents as the recent pogroms, as well as the responsibility of the Polish government for their development. Mr. Lengyel suggests that Poland make its first gift to humanity by solving its nationalities problem. He proposes as a model not the neighboring U.S.S.R., where the original conditions were basically similar to the Polish and pogroms are today

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unknown; where all 170-odd nationalities enjoy equality and backward cultures are being raised to modern levels by state effort, but far-off and relatively dissimilar Switzerland.

POLITICAL INDIA, edited by Sir John Cumming. *New York: Oxford University Press. 324 pages. $1.25.*

This book, intended to be complementary to "Modern India," under the same editorship, is a record of the evolution of political life in India from 1832 to 1932. In assigning the twenty different sections to twenty British authorities, most of whom have served in India in a political capacity, the editor has sought to gather together different angles on the subject. The result is a synoptic survey of Indian political growth. Lord Irwin introduces the experts with a general outline, ending on a warning note to India. Other topics include the rise of women in politics, the depressed classes, the Round Table Conferences and the Gandhist factor. Two particularly good chapters deal respectively with outstanding political leaders among the Nationalists, and with political movements in 1932. In its entirety this compact book is a useful survey, but it must be remembered that all the contributors are advocates for the defense.

SOVIET RUSSIA AS I SAW IT, by Dr. William J. Robinson. *New York: The International Press. 220 pages. $2.*

If Mr. Babbitt of Zenith went to Russia and wrote a report on his trip for the Zenith Rotary Club, the result would not be unlike this volume. The differences are that Dr. Robinson is a Socialist of sorts (he has voted for Norman Thomas) and that he speaks and reads Russian. Some of the things he saw, he liked very much: the abolition of classes, the new status of women, the fight against superstition, universal education facilities and the new penal system. Other things he disliked extremely, and denounces with the utmost truculence: what he describes as "the pauperization of Russia," espionage by the G. P. U., indifference to the fate of surviving members of the old regime, and "the apotheosis of the manual laborer." Dr. Robinson, who is something of a character in New York City, the author of many popular medical books, lays down a list of things which the Soviet government ought to do, some of which are already embodied in the Second Five Year Plan.

Contributors

ROBERT CARTER is a young man of twenty-two who was reared on a farm in Virginia and studied for two years at the University of North Carolina. He is at present in California, having hopped and hitchhiked his way across the continent.

RAYMOND CLAPPER has been manager of the Washington bureau of the United Press Association since 1929.

E. C. LINDEMAN is professor of Social Philosophy at the New York School of Social Work and author of a number of books, among them being "Social Discovery" and "The Meaning of Adult Education."

T. S. MATTHEWS, literary editor of Time, has published one novel and is completing a second.

RAYMOND HOLDEN, formerly on the editorial staff of The New Yorker and now on Fortune, has written a life of Lincoln and published criticism and verse in various journals.

PHILIP LITTELL, who was one of the first group of editors of The New Republic, has contributed extensively to magazines and has written several books, two of them being "Books and Things," a volume of essays, and "This Way Out," a satirical novel of the Garden of Eden.

ROBERT CANTWELL, whose novel "Laugh and Lie Down" was published in 1931, is finishing a second novel, "The Land of Plenty," which will be issued in the late spring. He contributes articles and book reviews to Common Sense, The New Outlook and other periodicals.

RAYMOND LESLIE BUELL is research director of the Foreign Policy Association in which capacity he closely follows Latin American affairs.

GUY ENDORE, a free-lance writer living in New York City, is the author of "The Sword of God: Jeanne d'Arc."

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